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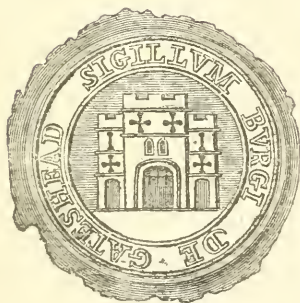
THE PITMAN'S PAY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE
PITMAN'S PAY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY THOMAS WILSON.



GATESHEAD :
WILLIAM DOUGLAS, HIGH STREET.
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PREFACE.

NEWCASTLE owes every thing to her coal-mines. Coal is the staple article of her trade—the source of her wealth and the foundation of her greatness. The coal trade has paved the way for the splendid creations and improvements of a GRAINGER, and for the astonishing mechanism of a STEPHENSON—the one having turned our “canny town” into a “city of palaces,” and the other having “moved the world” (at least its population) by the rapidity of his “travellers.”

Besides, the coal trade has not only been the means of producing a highly useful and hardy race of seamen, for the protection and defence of our native land, but of conveying cheerfulness and comfort to millions. What is more comfortable than an Englishman’s fireside, or more cheerful than the brilliant gas-light which enlightens and enlivens the thoroughfares of our towns ?

Coal is also a principal agent in steam-navigation, which is now fast spreading over all the waters of

the civilized world, and accomplishing by sea what locomotion is effecting by land ; and it may, certainly, be asserted, without boasting, that no coal surpasses that of Newcastle for the use of steam-engines.

The benefits and blessings likely to accrue to mankind from the application of steam to travelling by sea and land, are incalculable : it promises as great an impulse to civilization as steam-power has already given to the manufactures and trade of the empire.

If, then, we derive such important advantages from the *produce* of our coal-mines, a short description, surely, of the customs and manners, in this populous and important district, of the *producers*, will not be uninteresting. Such a sketch I have attempted in the “PITMAN’S PAY.” How far I have succeeded, the reader will judge. My wish has been to draw a faithful picture ; and, after allowing for a little poetic license, I hope it will be pronounced to be pretty correct.

It must be borne in mind, however, that mine is a tale of some five-and-forty years ago—a period since which many and important changes have taken place in the pitman’s labour, tending to limit the duration as well as lessen the severity of his toil.

Nothing on this subject, to my knowledge,^s has appeared, since the publication of CHICKEN'S "COLLIER'S WEDDING,"* upwards of a century ago; and, since then, the pitman's character has undergone considerable amelioration. The progressive intellectual improvement of all classes of society has had its due effect upon him. He is no longer the same ignorant, degraded being that his forefathers were—a victim to the worst prejudices and passions of our nature.†

This important change may be attributed to the following causes:—First, the establishment of Sunday Schools for the purpose of teaching the children to read; secondly, the general diffusion of useful

* A new edition of this poem, with emendations and corrections, was undertaken by Mr. WILLIAM CAIL, and printed by Messrs. T. & J. HODGSON, in 1829. It is accompanied by many interesting facts of the author and his family, as well as several notes explanatory of the text, and is neatly got up, but, unfortunately, has never come fully before the public.

† In illustration of the outrageous and lawless conduct of this class of men, about the time specified, the following fact may be stated. Whenever they considered themselves aggrieved, they "struck;" or, in the language of that day, a "steek" took place. These "steeks" generally originated on the Wear; and, by way of enforcing their demands, the malecontents immediately "laid in" all the pits in the district. The mode of proceeding in such cases was this:—The men with whom the strike commenced, visited all the neighbouring collieries; and, on their arrival at each pit, they hung on a corf, filled with stones, at the same time hanging on the clog. The weight of the corf moved the gin; and as the former descended, the latter gained velocity, until the clog, flying out in the air, knocked away the supports of the gin, and laid it on its side, thus rendering it totally unfit for use, and thereby putting a stop to all work for some time to come. This was the mode then generally resorted to, for compelling redress of grievances—a practice that would not be even thought of in the present day.

knowledge in cheap publications ; and thirdly, the introduction of Savings' Banks ; the two former having been more especially powerful in this moral reformation—and the latter having not been without its good effects in producing care and economy among this invaluable class of men.

To show how much has been effected by the Sunday Schools, not only in the amelioration of the manners, but in the general appearance of the pitmen, I need only state, that, forty years ago, it was no unusual thing to see whole families of young men spending the Sunday in gambling and idleness. Now, on the contrary, such a thing is rarely to be seen ; for in passing the doors of neat cottages, we frequently find the inmates reading ; or, if absent, they will be either at the Methodist chapel or a prayer-meeting ; and instead of appearing in the very meanest clothing, and not unfrequently in rags, we now see them, not only clean and well dressed, but very civil and very orderly.

I cannot suffer this opportunity to pass, without noticing the praiseworthy conduct of the teachers in the Sunday Schools. They are, generally, men who are occupied in hard labour during the other days of the week, yet who cheerfully give up a great part of the only leisure day they have, to educate the children of their neighbours. This does them

infinite credit as men and as Christians ; and the fact of many of them having been Sunday scholars themselves, says more for the utility of such schools than anything I can advance. I sincerely hope the teachers will continue their useful labours ; for although much has been accomplished, there is still much to be done.

In sketching the character of a pitman, nothing brings it out so fully as the “pay-night,” provided the “yel” be good ; but the likeness must be fixed before the original becomes a caricature through the potency of “John Barleycorn.” Here, all affairs, both foreign and domestic, are fully discussed ; and although there may be a want of candour and impartiality in the debates, they are never deficient in ardour and freedom of speech. The transactions of the past fortnight supply the speakers plentifully with matter for conversation. The number of corves “laid” or “set out”—the difficulty of getting down their “top,” or the “woodiness” of the “kirving”—the corves being too big, and the prices too small—the merits of this man as a “hewer,” and of that as a “putter”—are all topics which occupy the serious attention of the disputants ; who, however, at the heel of the evening, often diverge into matter as miscellaneous as the contents of a newspaper.

In the “olden time,” the early years of a pitman’s

life—that is, from the time of his taking his “seat” behind the “door,” until he took up the “picks” to “hew”—or, in other words, from his being a “trapper” at six years of age, until he became a “hewer” at about twenty—were nearly all spent “below,” with frequently only very short intervals for rest. This renders it necessary to have frequent reference to the proceedings under-ground, and to describe them in the technical language of the place, which will, I fear, render that part of my description less interesting to the general reader; but the “lads below,” and those immediately connected with the “diamond” trade, will in this respect feel no difficulty, as I flatter myself *they* at least will acknowledge my details to be pretty accurate.

The youthful portion of a pitman’s life, in those days, was passed in the most galling slavery—eighteen or nineteen hours a day, for weeks together, being spent in almost insupportable drudgery. The putters of the present day would not be able to comprehend how such incessant toil could be endured. It is fortunate for the latter, that the “new light” which produced “metal wheels” and “plates” made its appearance before their time, and that they are not compelled, like their predecessors, to earn their bread in the way most approved by the “wisdom of their ancestors.” This wisdom, of which we hear so much, may be usefully applied to some things,

even of the present day, but “putting” is certainly not of the number ; nor do I think colliery matters generally would be at all improved, by forsaking the evidence of our senses, and taking our ancestors for our guide.

The application of gunpowder has also been a great improvement in the labour of “hewing.” Formerly, after a man had got ready his “top” or “jud,” as they call it, he would often have to drive the “wedges” for an hour or two before he could “get her down.” But now, instead of so distressing an exertion, a little powder blows the whole down at once. It is strange that powder was not applied sooner to coal: it had long before been used for blasting stone. These two improvements in “putting” and “hewing,” have made a complete revolution in underground affairs, and made that labour tolerable which was formerly almost beyond human endurance.

At the age of twenty, when a “pitman” became a “hewer,” his labour, though still severe, was very much shortened. Instead of being sixteen or eighteen hours, his drudgery was reduced to eight or ten. He then got time to look around him in daylight, and form such connections as made the “weal or woe” of his future life. In short, he soon got married—the most important step he had yet

taken ; for what can be more important to any man, but more especially to a poor pitman, than the choice he makes of a wife ? On this essentially depends his own comfort, as well as that of his family. The wife's character may be known by the children's appearance. If frugal, industrious, and orderly, both he and they will be found clean, cheerful, and happy : if, on the contrary, he has had the misfortune to unite himself with an extravagant, worthless woman, he will, in all probability, be drunken and careless, his children ragged and dirty, with poverty and misery for their common lot.

After this, the birth of the first-born child or children was most important ; for on this event often depended not only the amelioration of the pitman's own condition, but the means of supporting his family. If the offspring proved girls,* they were considered burdensome, being unable to contribute to their own maintenance, until far advanced in age ; but if boys, they obtained employment at the age of six or seven,

* Previous to the period I am describing, it was customary to send girls down the coal-pits ; but that disgraceful practice ceased in this neighbourhood nearly sixty years ago. The custom was more prevalent on the Wear than on the Tyne. Here, again, has the "march of intellect," which, in the opinion of many, will ultimately bring a "creep" upon society, superseded the "wisdom of our ancestors," and rescued the "pitman's daughter" from the debasing slavery of descending into a coal-pit. It will be in the recollection of several yet living, that, at a very tender age, female children were put to such drudgery, and exposed to all the vice and indecency of which it was the parent. What kind of wives and mothers, girls brought up in such a school would make, may be easily imagined.

as “trappers,” and in the course of a few years secured to the father a situation of comparative ease. This arose from the great demand that always existed for boys as “drivers” and “putters.”

At the “bindings,” nothing was more common than a man, who had a tram or two of lads, getting himself placed on the list of “shifters” or “off-handed men”—a benefit duly appreciated and eagerly sought after by every pitman who earned his living at the “coal-wall.”

Among the many other changes that time has produced in the domestic habits of this useful class of people, none are more conspicuous than those we see in their weddings and christenings. Formerly, forty or fifty people attended the bride and bridegroom to church, with “bride favours” at their breasts, accompanied by all the fiddlers in the village. Every musket and pistol was also laid under contribution, to salute the happy pair, both on their setting out and their return, when bride-cake in abundance was thrown over their heads. All this parade and publicity are now almost entirely done away; and this most important act in a man’s life is gone about so quietly, that the neighbourhood is often ignorant of its occurrence. Something similar has taken place in christenings. Formerly, the pitman’s child was taken to the church in the fore-

noon, accompanied by a large party of friends, who returned (after “getting up the steam” a little at the public house nearest the church-gates) to a hot and substantial dinner, followed by both tea and supper :—now, this ceremony is generally deferred until the afternoon, and is attended by the sponsors only, who return to —“a cup of tea.”

Such are a few of the changes which time has produced in the habits of a most laborious and valuable class of men, whose toils and cares I have attempted to describe.

The longer pieces contained in the present volume, appeared in various periodicals at the time they were written, but have not before been published in a collected form. The “PITMAN’S PAY” was first inserted in *Mitchell’s Magazine* for the years 1826, 1828, and 1830, and was immediately afterwards republished by Mr. GEORGE WATSON, of Gateshead ; but the reprint was an incorrect edition, and has been out of print for some time.

The “Stanzas on the Intended New Line of Road,” appeared first in the *Tyne Mercury* of 1824, and were afterwards neatly published, with notes, by Mr. JOHN SYKES, of Newcastle.

“The Oiling of Dicky’s Wig” appeared first in

the *Tyne Mercury* of 1826. Mr. MITCHELL struck off a few copies of each of these pieces, but they have long since been exhausted.

Notes, where found necessary, have now been given, and where those of Mr. SYKES have been adopted, they have his name annexed to them.

Several additions have been made to each of the above pieces, and the whole have been corrected and revised.

Several of the smaller pieces first appeared in the *Tyne Mercury*.

I take this opportunity of returning my thanks to Mr. JOHN BELL, of Gateshead, and Mr. THOMAS BELL, of Newcastle, for much valuable information in connection with Gateshead Fell.

Fell House, June, 1843.

GLOSSARY.

A.

A', <i>all</i> .	An', <i>and</i> .
Aboot, <i>about</i> .	Anklets, <i>ankles</i> .
Abuin, <i>above</i> .	Aren't, <i>are not</i> .
Addin', <i>adding</i> .	Atwee, <i>in two</i> .
A-field (to set), <i>to set off to the pit</i> .	Atween, <i>between</i> .
Afore, <i>before</i> .	Aw, <i>I</i> .
Aglee, <i>awry</i> .	A'ways, <i>always</i> .
Agyen, <i>again</i> .	Awantin', <i>wanting</i> .
Agyen'd, <i>against it</i> .	Awd, <i>old</i> .
Abint, <i>behind</i> .	Awdish, <i>oldish</i> .
Aiblins, <i>perhaps</i> .	Aw'd, <i>I had</i> .
Airm, <i>arm</i> .	Aw'll, <i>I will</i> .
Airt, <i>art</i> .	Awn, <i>own</i> .
Aix, <i>axe</i> .	Aw've, <i>I have</i> .
Alang, <i>along</i> .	Ax, <i>ask</i> .
Alyen, <i>alone</i> .	Axin', <i>asking</i> .
Amang, <i>among</i> .	Ayont, <i>beyond</i> .

B.

Babby, <i>baby</i> .	Ballant, <i>ballad</i> .
Back or knowe, <i>partings in the coal</i> .	Bang, <i>rush</i> .
Backey, <i>tobacco</i> .	Bang, <i>surpass, excel</i> .
Baggy-tyel, <i>bagatelle</i> .	Bangin', <i>moving quickly</i> .
Bairn, <i>child</i> .	Bangin', <i>large and full</i> .
Bait-poke, <i>a bag in which a pit-lad carries his provisions</i> .	Barish, <i>scanty</i> .
	Barn-styen, <i>roof of the mine at the entrance of the workings</i> .

- Barried, *buried*.
 Barries, *buries*.
 Barrow-way, *tram-way*.
 Barry, *bury*.
 Beastie, *diminutive of beast*.
 Beat, *excel*.
 Becam', *became*.
 Beers, *bears*.
 Begock, *a term of exclamation*.
 Bein', *being*.
 Belaw, *below*.
 Bella, *Isabella*.
 Belly-timmer, *food*.
 Bettermer, *rather better*.
 Bide, *bear*.
 Bicker, *to hasten*.
 Biel, *a place of shelter*.
 Bilk, *to cheat*.
 Bits and brats, *food and raiment*.
 Bizzy, *busy*.
 Blabbin'-jaw, *inoffensive talk*.
 Blackgairded, *blackguarded*.
 Blair'd, *cried*.
 Blashy, *thin, poor*.
 Blast o' backey, *a pipe of tobacco*.
 Blate, *shy*.
 Blayteness, *shyness*.
 Blaw, *blow*.
 Blawn, *blown*.
 Blawin', *blowing*.
 Blaw-out, *a set in at drinking*.
 Blear-e'ed, *sore-eyed*.
 Blether, *bladder, purse*.
 Blin', *blind*.
 Bliss, *bless*.
 Bob or Bobby, *Robert*.
 Boby, *booby*.
 Boded, *threatened*.
 Bogie, *a low carriage with four wheels*.
 Bogle, *a ghost*.
 Bonny, *pretty*.
 Bool'd, *bowled*.
 Boondless, *boundless*.
 Boon's, *bounds*.
 Boot, *about*.
 Booze, *to drink lavishly*.
 Bord, *the space allotted generally to one man to work in, in a colliery*.
 Bother, *to trouble*.
 Boun's, *bounds*.
 Bout, *a recurring event*.
 Brack, *broke*.
 Brake, *a kind of regulator*.
 Bran new, *quite new*.
 Branks, *an instrument formerly kept in the Mayor's Chamber, Newcastle, for the punishment of "chiding and scolding women."*
 Breed, *bread*.
 Breek, *break*.
 Breekin', *breaking*.
 Breeks, *breeches*.
 Breet, *bright*.
 Breeth, *breath*.
 Brick, *to break*.
 Brig, *bridge*.
 Brock, *a badger*.
 Brocken, *broken*.
 Browt, *brought*.
 Buffin', *labouring*.

- Buik or buick, *book*.
 Bummed, *hurried*.
 Bummer, *a carriage that sounds from a distance on the road*.
 Bummin', *a whirring noise arising from quick motion*.
 Bun, *bound*.
 Burd, *bird*.
 Buss, *to dress*.
 Byen, *bone*.
 Byen-grubbers, *bone searchers*.
 Byet, *work not finished*.
 Byeth, *both*.
 Byre, *a cowhouse*.
 Byson, *a shame, scandal*.
 Byutes, *boots*.
- C.
- Cabbish, *to cabbage*.
 Caff, *chaff*.
 Cairder, *carder*.
 Cairds, *cards*.
 Cairts, *carts*.
 Callant, *a young boy*.
 Caller, *fresh, cool*. *A person who goes round at a certain hour in the night, to let the pitmen know it is time to go to work*.
 Callin', *publishing the banns*.
 Callin' course, *the time at which pitmen are called to go to work*.
 Cam, *came*.
 Cannel, *candle*.
 Cannut, *cannot*.
 Canny, *good, kind, mild, affectionate*.
 Cantrip, *a charm or incantation*.
 Canty, *lively, cheerful*.
 Casions, *occasions*.
 Cassel, *castle*.
 Cassen, *cast off*.
 Casses, *casts*.
 Cawd or caud, *cold*.
 Cawdpies, *any accident happening to the tram or carriage*.
 Cawdrife, *a shivering sensation*.
 Cauldness, *coldness*.
 Chare, *a narrow lane or alley*.
 Cheap-Johns, *economists*.
 Chep, *chap*.
 Chorch, *church*.
 Chow, *a quid of tobacco*.
 Chuck, *a hearty fellow*.
 Chubby - cheek'd, *rosy, plump-cheek'd*.
 Claes, *clothes*.
 Claith, *cloth*.
 Clap on, *to put on*.
 Clapp'd, *to set upon*.
 Clappers, *tongues*.
 Clapt, *to set upon, to pat*.
 Claverin', *climbing*.
 Clay, *a substance used by pitmen as a substitute for candlesticks*.
 Cleed, *to clothe*.
 Click, *to snatch hastily*.
 Cliver, *clever*.
 Clootie, *an old name for the Devil, derived from Clute, the half of the hoof of any cloven-footed animal*.
 Cloots, *strikes with the hands*.

- Clout, *a cuff, a blow.*
 Clubby-shaw, *a youthful game played by two parties with a globular piece of wood, and a stick curved at one end to correspond with the ball.*
 Coaly, *the coal trade.*
 Coasters, *coasting vessels.*
 Cobby, *heartly, lively.*
 Cock'd, *tipsy.*
 Coffin-kist, *a hearse.*
 Comfortable, *a covered boat.*
 Compleen, *complain.*
 Cooen, *disheartening.*
 Cooncil, *council.*
 Coonterfitin', *counterfeiting.*
 Coontless, *countless.*
 Coonts, *accounts.*
 Coortin', *courting.*
 Coorse, *course.*
 Corf, *a basket for bringing coals out of the pit.*
 Corl, *to curl.*
 Corls, *curls.*
 Corp, *corpse.*
 Corsed, *cursed.*
 Corses, *curses.*
 Cottrils, *cash, money.*
 Cowpin, *the last word.*
 Cowpt, *overturned.*
 Crack, *the chief, the most celebrated, chat, conversation.*
 Crack, *in a short space of time.*
 Craw, *crow.*
 Creatur, *creature.*
 Creep, *a state of the mine produced by an insufficiency of coal left to support the roof, and which often forces the top and bottom of the mine together, and renders the pit unfit for further use.*
 Cribb'd, *lined.*
 Croods, *crowds.*
 Crouse, *brisk, lively.*
 Crowdy, *oatmeal and hot water mixed together.*
 Crums, *crumbs.*
 Cruick thy hough, *sit down.*
 Cuckoo mornin', *a holiday on hearing the cuckoo for the first time.*
 Cuddy, *donkey, Cuthbert.*
 Cuddy band, *the bray of asses.*
 Cuick, *cook.*
 Cuil, *cool.*
 Cull, *a stupid fellow.*
 Cut-porse, *see note 31, page 167.*
 Cutter'd, *fondled.*
 Cuttie, *a short tobacco pipe.*

D.

- Dab, *a clever fellow at reading.*
 Daft, *stupid, thoughtless.*
 Danderin, *sauntering.*
 Dandy, *the very thing.*
 Dar, *dare.*
 Darg, *a day's work.*
 De, *do.*
 Deddy, *father.*
 Dee, *die.*
 Deed, *dead.*

Deedly, <i>deadly.</i>	Dook, <i>duck.</i>
Deein', <i>dying.</i>	Double-chuckers, <i>twins</i>
Deeth, <i>death.</i>	Dowly, <i>miserable.</i>
Deevil, <i>Devil.</i>	Dozzen'd, <i>spiritless, withered.</i>
Demented, <i>frantic, distracted.</i>	Dreed, <i>dread.</i>
Desarves, <i>deserves.</i>	Dreedful, <i>dreadful.</i>
Designin', <i>designing.</i>	Dreedin', <i>dreading.</i>
Dick, <i>Richard.</i>	Driver, <i>a boy who has charge of</i> <i>a horse in the pit.</i>
Diddle, <i>to trick.</i>	Droon, <i>drown.</i>
Didn't, <i>did not.</i>	Drouth, <i>thirst.</i>
Dimond (black diamond), <i>coal.</i>	Drouthy, <i>thirsty.</i>
Dinnet, <i>do not.</i>	Druvy, <i>dirty, muddy.</i>
Dinn't, <i>do not.</i>	Dry, <i>thirsty.</i>
Dirdum, <i>noise, confusion.</i>	Duds, <i>working clothes.</i>
Dirl, <i>to vibrate.</i>	Duffit, <i>sod.</i>
Dish'd and duin up, <i>completely</i> <i>fuddled.</i>	Duin, <i>done.</i>
Divots, <i>turf or sods.</i>	Dulbert, <i>a dull, stupid fellow.</i>
Diz, <i>does.</i>	Dummy, <i>a tram.</i>
Dizn't, <i>does not.</i>	Durt, <i>dirt.</i>
Dominie, <i>a schoolmaster.</i>	Durty, <i>dirty.</i>
Doon, <i>down.</i>	Dyel, <i>deal.</i>
Doot or doobt, <i>doubt.</i>	Dyem, <i>dame.</i>
Dootin', <i>doubting.</i>	

E.

Eas'd, <i>coaxed, deprived.</i>	Efternuin, <i>afternoon.</i>
Eastren, <i>eastern.</i>	Eh, <i>a word of exclamation.</i>
E'e, <i>eye.</i>	Eneugh, <i>enough.</i>
Een, <i>eyes.</i>	Ettle, <i>to contrive.</i>
Efter, <i>after.</i>	Ettled, <i>arranged or contrived.</i>

F.

Fa', <i>fall,</i>	Faitherless, <i>fatherless.</i>
Fae, <i>foe.</i>	Famish, <i>famous.</i>
Fa'en, <i>fallen.</i>	Fand, <i>found.</i>
Faither, <i>father.</i>	Fash, <i>to trouble, to tease.</i>

Faw, <i>an itinerant tinker, a travelling besom-maker, mugger, &c.</i>	Floor'd, <i>ruined.</i>
Feckless, <i>weak, feeble.</i>	Flowen, <i>flown.</i>
Fend, <i>a livelihood.</i>	Flunky, <i>a livery servant.</i>
Fended, <i>being able to earn a subsistence.</i>	Fogie, <i>a person advanced in life, an infirm man.</i>
Fettle, <i>order, to get ready.</i>	Fore, <i>before.</i>
Fin', <i>find.</i>	Fortun, <i>fortune.</i>
Figurs, <i>figures.</i>	Fouth, <i>abundance, plenty.</i>
Fishin', <i>seeking.</i>	Fowt, <i>fought.</i>
Fitter, <i>the vendor or loader.</i>	Frae, <i>from.</i>
Fittin', <i>fitting, the selling or loading of coals.</i>	Freend, <i>friend.</i>
Fippence, <i>firepence.</i>	Freet, <i>fret.</i>
Fixtors, <i>fixtures.</i>	Freighiten, <i>frighten.</i>
Fiz, <i>to make a hissing noise.</i>	Frev, <i>from.</i>
Flantin', <i>flaunting.</i>	Frien', <i>friend.</i>
Flang, <i>flung.</i>	Frinds, <i>friends.</i>
Flareup, <i>a squabble.</i>	Frindship, <i>friendship.</i>
Flay, <i>a fright, to frighten.</i>	Fuddled, <i>tipsy.</i>
Flay'd, <i>afraid.</i>	Fuil, <i>fool.</i>
Flee, <i>to fly.</i>	Funny, <i>sportive, amusing.</i>
Floonder, <i>flounder.</i>	Furst, <i>first.</i>
	Fyece, <i>face.</i>
	Fyell, <i>fail.</i>

G.

Ga', <i>gave.</i>	Gars, <i>makes.</i>
Gabblin', <i>talking, chattering.</i>	Gat, <i>got.</i>
Gaird, <i>guard.</i>	Gawin or gaun, <i>going.</i>
Galore, <i>plenty, abundance.</i>	Gaudy-day, <i>a holiday.</i>
Gamlers, <i>gamblers.</i>	Geer (set o' geer), <i>pitmen's working tools.</i>
Gan, <i>go.</i>	Geer, <i>knives and forks, wealth.</i>
Gannin', <i>going.</i>	Geordy, <i>George.</i>
Gannin' te pot, <i>going to decay or ruin.</i>	Geyzen'd, <i>parched with thirst.</i>
Gar, <i>to make.</i>	Gie, <i>give.</i>
Gar'd, <i>made.</i>	Gied, <i>give it.</i>

Giein, <i>giving</i> .	Goon, <i>gown</i> .
Giggin', <i>travelling by gig</i> .	Goot, <i>gout</i> .
Gimcranks, <i>gimcracks, a light or novel sort of vehicle</i> .	Goulden, <i>golden</i> .
Ginny, <i>guinea</i> .	Gowd-i'-gowpens, <i>gold by handfuls</i> .
Girn, <i>grin</i> .	Gowldin, <i>golden</i> .
Gissy, <i>a pig</i> .	Grab, <i>to seize</i> .
Gizen, <i>parched</i> .	Gran, <i>grand</i> .
Glent, <i>glance</i> .	Gran'mother, <i>grandmother</i> .
Gleg, <i>quick, clever</i> .	Gree, <i>agree</i> .
Gliff, <i>glimpse</i> .	Greet, <i>great</i> .
Glower, <i>to stare</i> .	Greeter, <i>greater</i> .
Glumpin', <i>sulking</i> .	Grey hen, <i>stone bottle</i> .
Glymin', <i>looking slyly</i> .	Grog, <i>spirits mixed with water</i> .
Gob, <i>the mouth</i> .	Grundin', <i>grinding</i> .
Gobbin', <i>chattering</i> .	Gude, <i>good</i> .
Gobby, <i>chatty</i> .	Gyen, <i>gone</i> .
	Gyetshed, <i>Gateshead</i> .

H.

Ha', <i>hall</i>	Hame, <i>home</i> .
Ha'd, <i>hold</i> .	Hammer, <i>to labour</i> .
Ha'e, <i>have</i> .	Hammer'd, <i>stammered</i> .
Hae'd, <i>have it</i> .	Hand, <i>writing</i> .
Haffit, <i>the side of the head</i> .	Harlikin, <i>harlequin</i> .
Hairmless, <i>harmless</i> .	Haud, <i>stop</i> .
Half a tram, <i>one of two that manage a tram</i> .	Hee, <i>high</i> .
Half marrow, <i>one of two boys who manage a tram, of about equal age</i> .	Heed, <i>head</i> .
Half-nowt, <i>half-price</i> .	Heedgeer, <i>cap, head dress</i> .
Half-wark, <i>when the day's work is half over</i> .	Heedsman, <i>headsman, or the elder</i> .
Half-shoon, <i>old shoes with the toes cut off</i> .	Heedwis-end, <i>headway, passages that lead to the crane or shaft</i> .
Hallion, <i>a term of reproach</i> .	Heeven, <i>heaven</i> .
	Hersel', <i>herself</i> .
	Het, <i>hot</i> .
	Hettle, <i>hasty</i> .
	Hev, <i>have</i> .

Hevin', <i>having.</i>	Hoolet een, <i>owllet eyes.</i>
Hower, <i>a person who works coals.</i>	Hoose, <i>house.</i>
Hewing, <i>the pitman's occupation of working the coal, with a tool called a pick.</i>	Hooseless, <i>houseless.</i>
Hez, <i>has.</i>	Horries, <i>hurries.</i>
Hick'ry, <i>ill tempered.</i>	Horry-sorry, <i>violent hurry.</i>
High main, <i>the best seam of coal on the Tyne.</i>	Hout, <i>an exclamation of disapprobation or dissent.</i>
Hingin' on, <i>hanging on, the time the pit begins to draw coals.</i>	Howdy, <i>a midwife.</i>
Hings, <i>hangs.</i>	Howdy-maw, <i>the conclusion of the day's labour, the last corf.</i>
Hin'most, <i>hindmost.</i>	Howiver, <i>however.</i>
Hinnies, <i>the plural of hinny.</i>	How way, <i>come away.</i>
Hinny, <i>a favourite term of endearment, a corruption of honey.</i>	Hugger-mugger, <i>shabby, private.</i>
Hirpled, <i>walking lamely.</i>	Humm'd and haw'd, <i>hesitated.</i>
His-sel', <i>hissell, himself.</i>	Hutch, <i>a chest for the town's treasury.</i>
Hobby, <i>any favourite subject.</i>	Huz, <i>us.</i>
Hoggers, <i>stockings with the feet cut off.</i>	Hyel, <i>whole.</i>
Holey, <i>full of holes.</i>	Hyem, <i>home.</i>
Hoo, <i>how.</i>	Hyemly, <i>homely.</i>
	Hyem-spun, <i>home-spun, or homely.</i>
	Hyest, <i>haste</i>

I.

I', <i>in.</i>	Itsel, <i>itself.</i>
Ill-throven, <i>ill-thriveñ.</i>	Iv, <i>ive, in.</i>
Inte, <i>into.</i>	Iver, <i>ever.</i>
Intiv, <i>into.</i>	Iverlastin', <i>everlasting.</i>
I'stead, <i>instead.</i>	Iv'ry, <i>every.</i>

J.

Jaw, <i>to chatter, noisy speech.</i>	Jenkin, <i>driving a "board" within a pillar of coal.</i>
Jawin', <i>chattering.</i>	Jiffy, <i>an instant.</i>
Jay-legg'd, <i>small or feeble in the legs.</i>	Joggle, <i>to shake.</i>

Jorney, *journey.*

Jouk, *to stoop down to avoid a blow.*

Jud, *a piece of coal ready for taking down, either by wedges or powder.*

K.

Kelter, *riches.*

Ken, *know.*

Keek, *to peep, to look slyly.*

Keekin', *prying.*

Kirsten'd, *christened.*

Kirve, *to undermine the coal.*

Kirvens and nickens, *the preparatory operations for bringing down the jud or top, and which produce only small coal.*

Kit, *a cobbler's stool and tools.*

Kith, *acquaintance, kindred.*

Kittle, *ticklish or difficult.*

Kittlens, *kittens.*

Kitty, *a lock-up, a house of correction.*

Kizzen'd, *parched.*

Knawn, *known.*

Knawin', *knowing.*

Knaws, *knows.*

Kye, *cows.*

Kyek, *cake.*

Kyel, *broth.*

Kyevel, *lot.*

L.

Laid-in, *when a pit ceases working, death.*

Lairn, *to learn.*

Lairnt, *learnt.*

Lairks, *larks.*

Lakewake, *the watching of a corpse previous to interment.*

Lang, *long.*

Langer, *longer.*

Lang-headed, *long-headed, clever.*

Lang-last, *at length.*

Lang-syners, *people who lived long ago.*

Lang-quarter'd, *long-quartered.*

Lantren, *lantern.*

Lap, *jumped.*

Lapell'd, *lapetted on the breast of the coat.*

Lare, *learning.*

Lat, *lath.*

Law, *low.*

Leather-plaiter, *a kind of sorry hack horse.*

Lee, *lie.*

Leein', *lying.*

Leet, *light.*

Leetly, *lightly.*

Leet-ship, *a ship not loaded.*

Leeten, *lighten.*

Leeve, *live.*

Leevin', *living.*

Leev'd, *lived.*

Len, *lend.*

Lether, *ladder.*

Linties, *linnets.*

Lit, *lighted.*

Lippen, <i>to depend upon.</i>	Lugs, <i>ears.</i>
Lounin, <i>lane.</i>	Luik, <i>look.</i>
Lop, <i>a flea.</i>	Luik'd, <i>looked.</i>
Lord Size, <i>the judge at the assizes.</i>	Luikin', <i>looking.</i>
Lots o' brass, <i>large sums of money.</i>	Lunnen, <i>London.</i>
Loup, <i>to leap, to jump.</i>	Lyec'd tea, <i>tea mixed with spirits.</i>
Lours, <i>looks gloomily.</i>	Lyeces, <i>stay laces.</i>
Love-begot, <i>illegitimate child.</i>	Lyet, <i>late.</i>
Low, <i>light or flame.</i>	Lyeth, <i>loath.</i>
Low-rope, <i>a piece of rope lighted at one end.</i>	Lyem, <i>lame.</i>
Lowse, <i>loose.</i>	Lyin', <i>lying.</i>
Lowsenin', <i>loosening.</i>	Lyin'-in, <i>the birth of a child, a confinement.</i>

M.

Mair, <i>more.</i>	Mense, <i>to grace, to decorate.</i>
Maiter, <i>matter.</i>	Mickle, <i>much.</i>
Maister, <i>master.</i>	Mill'd, <i>tipsy.</i>
Mally, <i>Mary.</i>	Mind, <i>remind, remember.</i>
Mammy, <i>mother.</i>	Minny, <i>mother.</i>
Manadge, <i>see note 11, p. 20.</i>	Mony, <i>many.</i>
Mang, <i>among.</i>	Moont, <i>mount.</i>
Marrow, <i>a partner, a companion.</i>	Moontebanks, <i>mountebanks.</i>
Maut, <i>malt.</i>	Moot, <i>moult.</i>
Maw, <i>my.</i>	Moungin', <i>grumbling, complaining.</i>
Mawks, <i>maggots.</i>	Mounseer, <i>Monsieur.</i>
Mawsel', <i>myself.</i>	Muck, <i>dirt, filth.</i>
Mawvin's yett, <i>Melvin's gate.</i>	Muds, <i>small nails used by cobblers.</i>
Measur, <i>measure.</i>	Muin, <i>moon.</i>
Mebby, <i>may be, perhaps.</i>	Muinny, <i>moon.</i>
Meet, <i>night.</i>	Mun, <i>must.</i>
Meetin's, <i>midway down the pit, or where the full and empty corves or baskets pass each other: places of worship.</i>	Murth, <i>mirth.</i>
Mell, <i>mall.</i>	Murry, <i>merry.</i>
	Muzzy, <i>half stupid with drink.</i>
	Myed, <i>made.</i>

Myek, *make*.
 Myekin', *making*.
 Myel, *meal*.

Myest, *most, almost*.
 Mysel, *myself*.
 Myessen, *mason*.

N.

Na, *not*.
 Nae, *not*.
 Naggy, *touchy, irritable*.
 Nappy, *ale*.
 Narrow-working, *headway in a coal-pit*.
 Narvish, *nervous*.
 Natur, *nature*.
 Ne, *no*.
 Nebs, *mouths*.
 Neet, *night*.
 Neist, *next*.
 Nell or Nelly, *Ellen*.
 Nell-kneed, *in-kneed*.
 Neuk or nuick, *chimney nook*.
 Nibor, *neighbour*.
 Nick, *to cut the coal at each end, preparatory to taking the jud down*.

Nicker, *to neigh, to laugh*.
 Nick-nacks, *trifles*.
 Nick-sticks, *a mode of reckoning which ladies well understand*.
 Nimmel, *nimble*.
 Niver, *never*.
 Nob, *knob*.
 Nobbut, *only*.
 Noint, *to anoint*.
 Nonskyep, *a longing or hankering after change*.
 Norsin', *nursing*.
 Nowt, *nothing*.
 Nowther, *neither*.
 Nowse, *nothing*.
 Nut, *not*.
 Nyem, *name*.
 Nyen, *none*.
 Nyek'd, *naked*.

O.

O', *of*.
 Off the way, *off the boards on which the tram ought to run*.
 Oil, (to "oil his old wig,") *to make tipsy*.
 On't, *of it*.
 Ony, *any, only*.

Oppen, *open*.
 Out-bye, *at the shaft or bottom of the pit*.
 Ower, *over*.
 Owertyen, *overtaken*.
 Owercastin', *overcasting*.
 Owt, *anything*.

P.

Painches waggin', *a local phrase implying severe or incessant labour*.

Pairtin', *parting*.
 Pairs, *parts*.
 Palaver, *talk, conversation*.

Pant, <i>a public fountain.</i>	Poorin', <i>pouring.</i>
Parfet, <i>perfect.</i>	Poppy-pill, <i>opium.</i>
Parish, <i>perish.</i>	Post-hyest, <i>post haste.</i>
Parleyvou, <i>a Frenchman.</i>	Posy, <i>flowery.</i>
Paten' cnt, <i>tobacco prepared for smoking.</i>	Pouin', <i>pulling.</i>
P.D., <i>a young lad in a keel.</i>	Pous, <i>pulls or takes away.</i>
Pea jacket, <i>the outer holiday dress of a keelman.</i>	Pouther, <i>powder.</i>
Peg, <i>a step.</i>	Pouther'd, <i>powdered.</i>
Peg, <i>to move quickly.</i>	Powl'd off, <i>made drunk.</i>
Peggy, <i>Margaret.</i>	Pown, <i>pond.</i>
Pettikit, <i>petticoat.</i>	Prefarr'd, <i>preferred.</i>
Pick, <i>a tool used by pitmen in hewing coal.</i>	Presarve, <i>preserve.</i>
Picklin', <i>providing.</i>	Prood, <i>proud.</i>
Pictur, <i>picture.</i>	Puil, <i>pool.</i>
Pin, <i>humour.</i>	Puns, <i>pounds.</i>
Pitty pat, <i>pit a-pat.</i>	Purch'd, <i>perched.</i>
Place the wark, <i>to arrange each man's labour for the day.</i>	Put, <i>to bring the coals from the workings to the crane or shaft upon a tram.</i>
Plack, <i>a small coin.</i>	Putter, <i>a boy who works the tram.</i>
Plaister'd, <i>plastered.</i>	Puttin' hewer, <i>a young man bound either to put or hew.</i>
Play peep, <i>to offer the least opposition.</i>	Puzzenin', <i>poisoning.</i>
Pleasur, <i>pleasure.</i>	Pyeper, <i>paper.</i>
	Pyet, <i>pate.</i>

Q.

Quid, *a chew of tobacco.*

R.

Rack, <i>reach.</i>	Ramstam, <i>thoughtless.</i>
Racket, <i>struggle.</i>	Raptur, <i>rapture.</i>
Rackle, <i>violent, headstrong.</i>	Ratten, <i>rat.</i>
Raff, <i>idle, dissolute.</i>	Raw, <i>row.</i>
Rag-backy, <i>the tobacco leaf cut into small threads.</i>	Rax, <i>to stretch.</i>
Raither, <i>rather.</i>	Reech, <i>reach.</i>
	Reet, <i>right.</i>

Reglar, *regular*.
 Retorn, *return*.
 Reuf, *roof*.
 Rewaird, *reward*.
 Ridin' the stang, *see note 10,*
page 62.
 Riddy, *ready*.
 Rig-and-fur, *ridge and furrow*.

Sackless, *simple*.
 Sae, *so*.
 Sair, *sore*.
 Sall or Sally, *Sarah*.
 Sang, *song*.
 Sappy drinking, *protracted and*
excessive drinking.
 Sark, *shirt*.
 Sarten, *certain*.
 Sarvice, *service*.
 Saut, *salt*.
 Scatter'd-feet, *feet injured from*
water and small coals, in the
shoes.
 Scores, *debts*.
 Scrafflin', *struggling*.
 Scrammel, *scramble*.
 Scran, *food*.
 Scraper, *a fiddler, a fiddle-stick*.
 Scribe, *a writer*.
 Scunner, *to notice, to observe*.
 Se, *so*.
 Sec, *such*.
 Seekness, *sickness*.
 Seeven, *seven*.
 Seet, *sight*.
 Seers, *prophets*.

Revolution, *revolution*.
 Robin Gray, *a bonnet*.
 Rosin, *resin*.
 Roun', *round, around*.
 Row'd, *rolled*.
 Rozin'd, *comfortably tipsy*.
 Runnin' fitter, *a fitter's deputy*.

S.

Sel, *self*.
 Sell'd, *sold*.
 Setturday, *Saturday*.
 Shake-cap, *a well-known game*.
 Shaw'd, *injured by friction*.
 Shem, *shame*.
 Sherry-moor, *brawl*.
 Shifter, *a kind of superintendent*.
 Shilly-shallyin', *hesitating*.
 Shine, *a row, a disturbance*.
 Shiel's, *Shields*.
 Shoon, *shoes*.
 Shoother, *shoulder*.
 Sic, *such*.
 Siddell, *schedule*.
 Sin, *since*.
 Singin'-hinny, *cake with currants*
and butter in it, and baked over
the fire on a girdle.
 Sin-syne, *since*.
 Sipe, *to drain or extract*.
 Sir Maffa, *Sir Matthew*.
 Sit, *to stick*.
 Skaith, *danger*.
 Skelp, *to move rapidly, to slap or*
strike with the open hand.
 Skelp and yark, *to move rapidly*.

- Skin-flint, *a keen, sharp fellow.*
 Skipper, *the captain of a keel or coal barge.*
 Skuil, *school.*
 Skyel, *scale.*
 Skyet, *skate.*
 Slaw, *slow.*
 Slawly, *slowly.*
 Sleight, *slight.*
 Slug, *a bullet or ball.*
 Slum, *slumber.*
 Slush, *a person greedy of drink.*
 Sma', *small.*
 Smarten, *to dress more gaily.*
 Smiddy, *a blacksmith's shop.*
 Smudge, *to laugh.*
 Smudgin', *laughing.*
 Snaffle, *to obtain anything by unfair means.*
 Snaw, *snow.*
 Sneek - drawn, *narrow - minded, contracted, mean.*
 Snotter-clout, *pocket handkerchief.*
 Snotty dog, *a blubbing lad.*
 'Sociation, *association.*
 Somethin', *something.*
 Soom, *swim.*
 Soond, *sound.*
 Sonsy, *lucky, pleasant, agreeable.*
 Souk, *suck.*
 Sowt, *sought.*
 Spangin', *jumping, leaping.*
 Speeks, *spectacles.*
 Speer, *to seek, to inquire.*
 Speet, *spit.*
 Spelk, *a small splinter, a slender creature.*
 Spencer, *a kind of upper jacket.*
 Spicy-fizzer, *a currant cake.*
 Spice kyel, *broth with raisins.*
 Splet, *split.*
 Sported, *to wear or display, as to "sport" a new coat or hat.*
 Spreed, *to spread.*
 Spuin, *spoon.*
 Spurrits, *spirits.*
 Squad, *a troop, a number.*
 Staincheybank, *Stagshawbank.*
 Stan', *stand.*
 Stannin', *standing.*
 Stars, *reckons, counts.*
 Starn, *stern.*
 Start, *a commencement.*
 Statin', *stating.*
 Steed, *stead, instead.*
 Steekin', *sticking.*
 Steit, *as well as.*
 Stevil, *to stagger, to grope your way.*
 Sticks, *furniture.*
 Stingo, *strong old ale.*
 Stob, *a stump, a post.*
 'Stonished, *astonished.*
 Stook, *the remains of the pillar of coal after it has been jenkined.*
 Stour, *dust floating in the air.*
 Stowen, *stolen.*
 Strang, *strong.*
 Stranger, *stronger.*
 Strangger, *stronger.*
 Stravaigin', *strolling about.*
 Straw (in the), *an accouchement.*
 Streen'd, *strained.*
 Streight, *straight.*

Stritchin', *stretching*.
 Strite, *straight*.
 Strummin', *playing*.
 Stuil, *stool*.
 Stur, *stir*.
 Styen, *stone*.
 Styth, *foul air*.
 Suckshen or suction, *ale or beer*.
 Sud, *should*.
 Sun'erland, *Sunderland*.
 Suin, *soon*.
 Surch, *search*.
 Swang, *swamp*.

Swatch, *a pattern or sample*.
 Swatlin', *tippling*.
 Sweel, *to melt, to waste away*.
 Sweer, *to swear*.
 Sweet, *perspiration*.
 Swig, *to drink heartily, drinking*.
 Swither, *to fear, to tremble, a nervous state*.
 Syek, *sake*.
 Syem, *same*.
 Syevin', *saving*.
 Syev, *save*.
 Syne, *since*.

T.

Tantrums, *high airs*.
 Tarn, *fierce, crabbed*.
 Taties, *potatoes*.
 Taty, *fit, suitable, potato*.
 Teaser, *care or annoyance*.
 Te, *to, thee*.
 Tee, *too*.
 Tee, *T, to a nicety*.
 Tegither, *together*.
 Telt, *told*.
 Te-morn, *to-morrow*.
 Tendin', *attending*.
 Teugh, *tough*.
 Tew, *to struggle, toil*.
 Theaker, *a thatcher*.
 Thegither, *together*.
 Theirsels, *themselves*.
 Thereabouts, *thereabouts*.
 Thill, *the surface upon which the tram runs*.
 Thoom, *thumb*.

Thorty, *thirty*.
 Thowt, *a thought, a trifle*.
 Thrawn, *thrown*.
 Thraw, *throw*.
 Threed, *thread*.
 Threep'd, *protested, argued*.
 Threesome, *treble*.
 Threeten, *threaten*.
 Threets, *threats*.
 Thresh, *thrash*.
 Thrilly, *thrilling*.
 Thrimmel, *to draw money reluctantly from the pocket*.
 Thunner, *thunder*.
 Tift, *a fit of anger, ill-humour*.
 Timmer, *provision, fare*.
 Titty, *sister*.
 Tiv, *to*.
 Toddle, *to walk slowly, to walk as a child*.
 Toon, *town*.

- 'Toors, *towers*.
 Tootin', *blowing*.
 Top, a pit term for coal, when quite prepared for removal by wedges or powder.
 Topper, *anything superior*.
 Toppin' pinn'd and padded neat, *the arrangement of the hair in the olden time*.
 Tormit, *turnip*.
 Torn, *turn*.
 Torn-act, *turn-act, or statute*.
 Torn-buik, *turn-book*.
 Tornpike, *turnpike*.
 Turtle, *turtle*.
 Tortur, *torture*.
 Tother, *the other*.
 Towen, *to tame*.
 Toyte, *to totter like old age*.
 Tram, a small carriage upon which a corf or basket is placed; or it sometimes means two boys who have the charge of this carriage, the one drawing and the other pushing it.
 Trapper, a boy who has the charge of a door in the mine, for preserving the circulation of the air.
 Trappin' trade, *the business of a trapper*.
 Traps, *apparatus, implements*.
 Treacle-wow, *treacle beer*.
 Treed, *tread*.
 Trig, a stick upwards of a foot in length, across which a bowler strides when he throws the bowl away.
 Trippet and coit, *a game well known in the north*.
 Troot, *trout*.
 Tuiff, *tough*.
 Tuik, *took*.
 Tuil, *tool*.
 Tuimmin', *ebbing, emptying*.
 Tain, *tune*.
 Tume, *empty*.
 Tummel'd, *tumbled*.
 Tussel, *struggle*.
 Twang, "for everlasting twang," *an emphatic mode of expressing "for ever."*
 Twee, *two*.
 Twel'month, *twelvemonth*.
 Twilted, *quilted*.
 Twinnin', *giving birth to twins*.
 Tyeble, *table*.
 Tyed, *toad*.
 Tyek, *take*.
 Tyekin', *taking*.
 Tyek't, *take it*.
 Tyel, *tale*.
 Tyelyer, *tailor*.
 Tyen, *taken*.
 Tyest, *taste*.
 Tyesty, *tasty*.
 Tyummer, *emptier*.
 Tyup, *the last basket or corf sent up out of the pit at the end of the year. The name is got from a tup's horn accompanying it. This same horn is sent up throughout the year with every twentieth corf, or the last in every score. "Bussin' the*

Tyup" is covering the coals with lighted candles, which the lads beg, borrow, or steal, for the occasion. It is an expression of their joy at the gaudy days or holidays which take place generally after this event.

Tyuth-an-egg or *Tutenague*, a white metallic compound.

U.

Un, one.

Unseetly, unsightly.

Unlarn'd, unlearned.

Uz, us.

V.

Vage, voyage.

Varry, very.

Vantin', boasting.

Vends, a limited sale of coal, as arranged by the "trade."

Vargins, virgins.

Varmint, vermin.

W.

Wa', wall.

Warse, worse.

Wae, woe.

Warsel, struggle.

Wad, would.

Warst, worst.

Waddent, would not.

Wasn't, was not.

Waffler, a person in liquor walking unsteadily.

Weans, children, little ones.

Waff o' cawd, a slight cold.

Wearin', growing.

Wag, to chatter.

Weddin', wedding.

Wagg'd, passed on.

Wee, little, small.

Waik, weak.

Weeks, wicks.

Wairch, insipid.

Weel, well.

Waiter, water.

Weer, wear.

Wait'ry, watery.

Weetin', wetting.

Wall-eyed, white-eyed.

Weren't, were not.

Wannel, the gait of a weary person.

Wesh'd, washed.

War, were.

Weshin', washing.

Wark, to work, to ache.

Wey, why, well.

Warkin', aching.

Whe, who.

Warks, works.

Whe'll, who will.

Warld, world.

Wheriver, wherever.

Whese, whose.

Whilk, <i>which</i> .	Winnet, <i>will not</i> .
Whup, <i>whip</i> .	Wiv, <i>with</i> .
Whup-while, <i>at short periods, frequently</i> .	Wor, <i>our</i> .
Whurligigs, <i>carriages</i> .	Worsel, <i>to wrestle</i> .
Whurry, <i>wherry</i> .	Wot, <i>to guess, to know</i> .
Whusler, <i>whistler</i> .	Wowl, <i>to cry or howl</i> .
Whussel, <i>whistle</i> .	Wrang, <i>wrong</i> .
Wi', <i>with</i> .	Wressel, <i>to wrestle</i> .
Wid, <i>with it</i> .	Wrought out, <i>worn out</i> .
Will or Willy, <i>William</i> .	Wrowt, <i>wrought</i> .
Willie-waught, <i>a full draught of ale or other strong liquor</i> .	Wyeken', <i>waken</i> .
Windin', <i>talking largely and loudly</i> .	Wuns, <i>zounds</i> .
	Wyell, <i>to pick out, choose, or select</i> .
	Wyem, <i>the stomach</i> .
	Wyest, <i>waist, waste</i> .

Y.

Yable, <i>able</i> .	Yence, <i>once</i> .
Yad, <i>a worn-out horse</i> .	Yep, <i>ape</i> .
Yammer, <i>a continual repetition of vexatious expressions</i> .	Yess, <i>ace</i> .
Yark, <i>to beat soundly, to go quickly, to thump</i> .	Yett, <i>gate</i> .
Yearthly, <i>earthly</i> .	Yit, <i>yet</i> .
Yeck, <i>oak</i> .	Yokens, <i>when two teams or carriages meet, going in different directions</i> .
Yeckey, <i>echo</i> .	Yout, <i>beyond</i> .
Yel or yell, <i>ale</i> .	Yor, <i>your</i> .
Yen, <i>one</i> .	

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Errata.

PAGE. LINE.

- 8, .. 13, *for* dread, *read* dreed.
8, .. 15, *for* head, *read* heed.
8, .. 16, *for* MUIR, *read* MUIN.
9, .. 10, *for* kavel, *read* kyevel.
24, .. 20, *for* enough, *read* eneugh.
30, .. 15, *for* kittle, *read* hettle; *and for* tune, *read* tuin.
31, .. 7, *for* why, *read* wey.
35, .. 15, *for* tougues, *read* tongue.
37, .. 7, *for* wark, *read* work.
63, .. 9, *for* before they, *read* before the day they.
70, .. 9, *for* te, *read* tee.
71, .. 24, *for* oil his wig, *read* oil his old wig.
80, .. 21, *for* te, *read* tee.
85, .. 2, *for* stranger, *read* strangger.
89, .. 21, *for* oil his wig, *read* oil his old wig.
94, .. 17, *for* Gardner, *read* Gardiner.
96, .. 24, *for* gimcranks, *read* gimcracks.
106, .. 8, *for* down, *read* doon.
157, .. 10, *for* day, *read* days.
158, .. 5, *for* end here, *read* here end.
167, .. 6, *for* Garduer, *read* Gardiner.

THE PITMAN'S PAY.

THE PITMAN'S PAY.

PART FIRST.

THE subject of the poem—the PAY NIGHT commences by long swigs of barleycorn—the wages are settled—a fresh pot is called—others follow, until the *ye!* is declared excellent—little parties are then formed—the “gifted few” discuss with great gravity the various knotty points in religion, and at length determine that the shortest way is the best—others, the gambling few, are busy at cards and other games, intent only on each other's *pay*—a description of the games then in use, with a sketch of some of the leaders in each—the night wears late, and the wives drop in—WILL is petrified by NELLY's entrance—she sets upon him like a tiger, abusing him and his companions—WILL turns her out—is afraid she will drive him daft—gives some account of his courtship and marriage, and how all his prospects of happiness were scattered to the winds—he describes his endless drudgery to support her extravagance—her ceaseless clamour—her complaints if he take himself a gill, whilst her own bottle must be well filled every pay-week—the miserable food she provides for him and the bairns, enjoying the “tysty bits hersel”—their clothing equally bad—her dirty and disgusting conduct, and the thriftless management of his affairs—he is called henpecked, and becomes the laughing-stock of his neighbours, who advise a course of treatment for her—everybody has his plan for managing a bad wife, except the “poor tormented man”—WILL thinks his heart will break—pays his *shot* and retires—NANNY looks in—asks NEDDY if it be not time to leave—he jokes her on her promise before wedding to let him have his beer—she replies, and tells him that any

thing is said to please at such a "kittle time"—she thinks he has had enough, and coaxes him away—he prevails on her to stop and taste the *ye!*—praises her many excellent qualities—his happy home—her kind treatment and great economy—she again urges him, good-naturedly, to go home—tells him that little NEDDY will be crying for his DEDDY, and promises to take him home a clean pipe and a pot of beer—they leave—arrive at their happy home, where she sets him in his easy chair with NEDDY on his knee—both unite in praising NEDDY—she blames WILSON, the pig-killer, for not coming in time to cut down the pig—thinks he will be amusing his comrades with some of his unaccountable stories—the supper is now ready, which is a piece of "gissey's tripe"—the happiness of such a pair is beyond the reach of "pomp and pride"—such may take a lesson from it—she tells NED she has been at his father's with something warm to ease his cough—the old man says the care of him will win her heaven—she desires NED to remind her to get him some black beer and rum at the town—thinks they may happen to want a friend themselves, should poverty in old age overtake them—but, if not, such kindness to others must tell in their favour at last—they determine to pursue the same course to the end, if they have the means.

I SING not here of warriors bold,
 Of battles lost or victories won,
 Of cities sack'd or nations sold,
 Or cruel deeds by tyrants done.

I sing the pitmen's plagues and cares,
 Their labour hard and lowly lot,
 Their homely joys and humble fares,
 Their pay-night¹ o'er a foaming pot.

Their week's work done, the coaly craft,
 These horny-handed sons of toil,
 Require a "right gude willie-waught,"
 The creaking wheels of life to oil.

See hewers, putters, drivers too,
With pleasure hail this happy day—
All, clean *washed up*, their way pursue
To drink, and crack, and get their pay.

The BUCK, the BLACK HORSE, and the KEYS,
Have witness'd many a comic scene,
Where's yel to cheer, and mirth to please,
And drollery that would cure the spleen.

With parchéd tongues, and geyzen'd throats,
They reach the place where barleycorn
Soon down the dusty cavern floats,
From pewter pot or homely horn.

The dust wash'd down, then comes the care
To find that all is rightly bill'd,²
And each to get his hard-earn'd share,
From some one in division skill'd.

The money-matters thus decided,
They push the pot more briskly round :
With hearts elate, and hobbies strided,
Their cares are in the nappy drown'd.

“ Here, lass,” says JACK, “ help this agyen,
“ It's better yel than's i' the toun ;
“ But then the road's se het it's tyen.
“ It fizz'd, aw think, as it went down.”

Thus many a foaming pot's requir'd
To quench the dry and dusty spark ;
When ev'ry tongue, as if inspir'd,
Wags on about their wives and wark—

The famous feats done in their youth,
At bowling, ball, and clubby-shaw—
Camp-meetings, Ranters, Gospel-truth,
Religion, politics, and law.

With such variety of matter,
Opinions, too, as various quite,
We need not wonder at the clatter,
When ev'ry tongue wags—wrong or right.

The gifted few, in lungs and lare,
At length, insensibly, divide 'em ;
And, from a three-legg'd stool, or chair,
Each draws his favour'd few beside him.

Now let us ev'ry face survey,
Which seems as big with grave debate,
As if each word they had to say
Was pregnant with impending fate.

Mark those in that secluded place,
Set snug around the stool of oak,
All labouring at some knotty case,
Envelop'd in tobacco smoke.

These are the pious, faithful few,
Who pierce the dark decrees of fate :
They've read the "Pilgrim's Progress" through,
As well as "Boston's Fourfold State."

They'll point you out the day and hour
When they experienc'd sin forgiven—
Convince you that they're safe, and sure
To die in peace, and go to heaven.

The moral road's too far about—
They like a surer, shorter cut,
Which frees the end from every doubt,
And saves them many a weary foot.

The first's commensurate with our years,
And must be travell'd day by day ;
And to the "new-born" few appears
A very dull and tedious way.

The other's length always depends
Upon the time when we begin it :—
Get but set out before life ends,
For all's set right when once we're in it.

They're now debating which is best :
The short-cut votes the other's double—
For this good reason, 'mongst the rest,
It really saves a world of trouble.

He that from goodness farthest strays,
Becomes a saint of first degree ;
And RANTER JEREMIAH³ says,
" Let bad ones only come to me."

Old EARTHWORM soon obeys the call,
Conscious, perhaps, he wanted mending ;
For some few flaws from Adam's fall,
Gloss'd o'er by cant and sheer pretending,

Still stick to him, afield or home,
The Methodistic brush defying ;
So that the Ranter's curry-comb
Is now the only means worth trying.

In habits form'd since sixty years,
 The hope of change won't weigh a feather :
 Their power so o'er him domineers,
 That they and life must end together.

See on their right a gambling few,
 Whose every word and look display
 A desperate, dark, designing crew,
 Intent upon each other's pay.

They're racers, cockers, carders, keen
 As ever o'er a tankard met,
 Or ever bowl'd a match between
 The POPPLIN WELL and MAWVIN'S YETT.⁴

On cock-fight, dog-fight, euddy-race,
 Or pitch-and-toss, trippet-and-coit,
 Or on a soap-tail'd grunter's chase,
 They'll risk the last-remaining doit.

They're now at cards, and GIBBY GRIPE
 Is peeping into HARRY's hand ;
 And ev'ry puff, blown from his pipe,
 His party easily understand.

Some for the odd-trick pushing hard—
 Some that they lose it pale with fear—
 Some betting on the turn-up card—
 Some drawing cuts for pints of beer.

Whilst others brawl about JACK'S⁵ brock,
 That all the Chowden dogs can bang ;
 Or praise LANG WILSON'S "piley cock,"
 Or DIXON'S⁶ feats upon the swang.⁷

Here TOM, the pink of bowlers, gain'd
Himself a never-dying name,
By deeds wherein an ardour reign'd
Which neither age nor toil could tame.

For, labour done, and o'er his doze,
TOM took his place upon the hill ;
And at the very evening's close,
You faintly saw him bowling still.

All this display of pith and zeal
Was so completely habit-grown,
That many an hour from sleep he 'd steal,
To bowl upon the hill alone.

The night wears late—the wives drop in
To take a peep at what is doing ;
For many would not care a pin
To lose at cards a fortnight's hewing.

Poor WILL had just his plagues dismiss'd,
And had “Begone dull care” begun,
With face as grave as Methodist,
And voice most sadly out of tune ;

But soon as e'er he NELLY saw,
With brows a dreadful storm portending,
He dropp'd at once his under jaw,
As if his mortal race was ending ;

For had the grim Destroyer stood,
In all his ghastliness, before him,
It could not more have froze his blood,
Nor thrown a deadlier paleness o'er him.

His better-half, all fire and tow,
Call'd him a slush—his comrades raff—
Swore that he could a brewing stow,
And after that sipe all the draff.

WILL gather'd up his scatter'd powers—
Drew up his fallen chops again—
Seiz'd NELL, and push'd her out of doors—
Then broke forth in this piteous strain :—

“ O ! NELL, thon 's rung me mony a peal :
“ Nyen but mysel could bide thy yammer :
“ Thy tongue runs like wor pully wheel,
“ And dirls my lug like wor smith's hammer.

“ Thou 'll drive me daft, aw often dread ;
“ For now aw's nobbut varry silly,
“ Just like a geuss cut i' the head,
“ Like JEMMY MUIR or PREACHER WILLY.⁸

“ Aw thought wor NELL, when NELLY DALE,
“ The varry thing to myek me happy :
“ She curl'd maw hair, she tied maw tail,
“ And clapt and stroked maw little CAPPY.

“ But suin as e'er the knot was tied,
“ And we were yok'd for life together—
“ When NELL had laugh'd, and MINNY cried—
“ And aw was fairly i' the tether—

“ Then fierce as fire she seiz'd the breeks,
“ And roun' maw heed flew stails and chairs :
“ Maw tail hung lowse, like cannell weeks,
“ An awd pit ended CAPPY's cares.

“Just like wor maisters when we’re bun,

“If men and lads be varry scant,

“They wheedle us wi’ yel and fun,

“And coax us into what they want.

“But myek yor mark, then snuffs and sneers

“Suin stop yor gob and lay yor braggin’ :

“When yence yor feet are i’ the geers,

“Maw soul ! they keep yor painches waggin’.

“Aw toil maw byens, till through maw clay

“They peep, to please maw dowly kavel :

“Aw’s at the coal wall a’ the day,

“And neetly i’ the waiter level.

“Aw hammer on till efternuin,

“Wi’ weary byens and empty wyem :

“Nay, varry oft the pit’s just duin

“Before aw weel get wannel’d hyem.

“But this is a’ of little use,

“For what aw de is niver reet :

“She’s like a ’larm-bell i’ the house,

“Ding-dongin’ at me, day and neet.

“If aw sud get maw wark ower suin,

“She’s flaid te deeth aw’ve left some byet.⁹

“And if aw’s till the efternuin,

“Aw’s drunk because aw is se lyet.

“Feed us and cleed us weel, she may,

“As she gets a’ways money plenty ;

“For ev’ry day, for mony a pay,

“Aw’ve hew’d and putten twee-and-twenty.

- “ ’Tis true aw sometimes get a gill,
“ But then she a’ways hez her grog ;
“ And if aw din’t her bottle fill,
“ Aw’s then a skin-flint, sneek-drawn dog.
- “ She buys me, tee, the warst o’ meat,
“ Bad bullock’s liver, houghs, and knees,
“ Teugh, stinkin’ tripe, and awd cows’ feet,
“ Shanks full o’ mawks, and half-nowt cheese.¹⁰
- “ Off sic she feeds the bairns and me—
“ The tyesty bits she tyeks hersel’,
“ In which ne share nor lot hev we,
“ Exceptin’ sometimes i’ the smell.
- “ The crowdy is wor daily dish,
“ But varry different is their MINNY’s ;
“ For she gets a’ her heart can wish,
“ In strang-lyced tea and singin’ hinnies.
- “ Maw canny bairns luik pale and wan,
“ Their bits and brats are varry scant :
“ The mother’s feasts rob them o’ seran,
“ For wilfu’ wyest myeks woefu’ want.
- “ She peels the taties wiv her teeth,
“ And spreeds the butter wiv her thoom :
“ She blaws the kyel wi stinkin’ breath,
“ Where mawks and caterpillars soom !
- “ She’s just a movin’ heap o’ muck,
“ Where durts of a’ description muster ;
“ For dishclout serves her apron nuik,
“ As weel as snotter-clout and duster !

“She lays out punds in manadge¹¹ things,
“Like mony a thriftless, thoughtless bein’;
“Yet bairns and me, as if we’d wings,
“Are a’ in rags and tatters fleein’.

“Just mark wor dress—a lapless coat
“Wi’ byeth the elbows steekin’ through—
“A hat that niver cost a groat—
“A neckless sark—a clog and shoe.

“She chalks up ‘scores’ at a’ the shops,
“Wheriver we’ve a twel’moonth stay’d;
“And when we flit, the landlord stops
“Maw sticks, till a’ the rent be paid.

“Aw’s call’d a henpeck’d, pluckless calf,
“For lettin’ her the breeches weer;
“And tell’d aw dinnet thresh her half,
“Wi’ mony a bitter gibe and jeer.”

“Aw think,” says DICK, “aw wad her towen,
“And varry suin her courage cuil:
“Aw’d dook her in wor engine pown,¹²
“Then clap her on repentance’ stuil.

“If that sud nut her tantrums check,
“Aw’d peel her te the varry sark;
“Then ’noint her wiv a twig o’ yeck,
“And efter myek her eat the bark.”

“Eneugh like this aw’ve heerd thro’ life;
“For ev’ry body hez a plan
“Te guide a rackle ram-stam wife,
“Except the poor tormented man.”

WILL could not now his feelings stay,
The tear roll'd down his care-worn cheek :
He thrimmel'd out what he 'd to pay,
And sobbing said, " Maw heart 'll breek."

Here NANNY, modest, mild, and shy,
Took NEDDY gently by the sleeve—
" Aw just luik'd in as aw went by—
" Is it not, thinks te, time te leave ?"

" Now, NAN, what myeks thee fash me here—
" Gan hyem and get the bairns te bed :
" Thou knaws thou promis'd me maw beer,
" The varry neet before we wed."

" Hout, hinny, had thy blabbin' jaw,
" Thou's full o' nought but fun and lees :
" At sic a kittle time, ye knaw,
" Yen tells ye ony-thing te please.

" Besides, thou's had enough o' drink,
" And mair wad ony myek thee bad :
" Aw see thy een begin te blink—
" Gan wi' me, like a canny lad."

" O, NAN, thou hez a witchin' way
" O' myekin' me de what thou will :
" Thou needs but speak, and aw obey ;
" Yet there's ne doubt aw's maister still.

" But tyest the yel, and stop a bit—
" Here, tyek a seat upon maw knee ;
" For 'mang the hewers i' wor pit,
" There's nyen hez sic a wife as me.

- “ For if maw ‘top’ comes badly down,
“ Or owt else keeps me lang away,
“ She cheers me wi’ the weel-known soun’—
“ ‘Thou’s had a lang and weary day.’
- “ If aw be naggy, NANNY’s smile
“ Suin myeks me blithe as ony lark,
“ And fit te loup a yett or stile—
“ Maw varry byens forget te wark.
- “ Maw NAN—maw bairns—maw happy hyem—
“ Set ower hard labour’s bitter pill:
“ O, Providence! but spare me them,
“ The warld may then wag as it will.
- “ She waits upon me hand and foot—
“ I want for nowt that she can gie me:
“ She fills maw pipe wi’ paten’ cut—
“ Leets it, and hands it kindly te me.
- “ She tells me all her bits o’ news,
“ Pick’d up the time aw’ve been away;
“ And frae maw mouth the cuttie pous,
“ When sleep owercomes maw weary clay.
- “ However poor or plain wor fare,
“ The better bits come a’ te me:
“ The last o’ coffee’s NANNY’s share,
“ And mine the hindmost o’ the tea.
- “ And when the warld runs sair agyen us,
“ When wark is slack and money duin,
“ When want has a’ but ower-tyen us,
“ She a’ways keeps maw heart abuin.

"Se weel she ettles what aw get,
 "Se far she a'ways gars it gan,
 "That nyen can say we are i' debt,
 "Or want for owther claes or scan.

"And though myest twenty years are past
 "Sin' NANNY left her mother's hyem,
 "Ower me and mine, frae furst te last,
 "Her care has a'ways been the syem.

"Then drink about—whe minds a jot ?
 "Let's drown wor cares i' barleycorn :
 "Here, lass, come bring another pot,
 "The 'caller' dizn't call te-morn."

"Nay, hinny, NED, ne langer stay—
 "We mun be hyem te little NEDDY :
 "He's just a twelvemonth awd to-day,
 "And will be cryin' for his DEDDY.

"Aw'll tyek thee hyem a pot o' beer,
 "A nice clean pipe, and backey tee :
 "Thou knaws aw like te hae thee near—
 "Come, hinny, come ! gan hyem wi' me."

Like music's soft and soothing powers,
 These honey'd sounds dropt on his ear ;
 Or like the warm and fertile showers
 That leave the face of nature clear.

Here was the power of woman shown,
 When women use it properly :
 He threw his pipe and reck'ning down—
 "Aw will, aw will, gan hyem wi' thee."

At home arrived, right cheerfully
She set him in his easy chair—
Clapt little NEDDY on his knee,
And bid him see his image there.

The mother pleas'd—the father glad,
Swore NEDDY had twee bonny een :
“There ne'er was, NED, a finer lad ;
“And then, he's like thee as a bean.

“Aw've luick'd for WILSON¹³ a' this day,
“Te ent the pig down 'fore it's dark ;
“But he'll be guzzlin' at the 'pay,'
“And windin' on about his wark.

“What lengths aw've often heard him gan,
“Sweerin'—and he's not fond o' fibbin'—
“He'll turn his back on ne'er a man,
“For owther killin' pigs or libben'.

“Still JACK's an honest, canty cock,
“As iver drain'd the juice o' barley :
“Aw've knawn him sit myest roun' the clock,
“Swattlin' and elatterin' on wi' CHARLEY.

“Now, DEDDY, let me ease yor airm :
“Gie me the bairn, lay down yor pipe,
“And get thy supper when its warm—
“It's just a bit o' gissy's tripe.

“Then come to me, maw little lammy !
“Come, thou apple o' my e'e !
“Come, maw NEDDY, te thy mammy—
“Come, maw darlin', come to me !”

Here! see a woman truly blest
 Beyond the reach of pomp and pride!
 Her infant happy at her breast—
 Her husband happy by her side.

Then take a lesson, pamper'd wealth,
 And learn how little it requires
 To make us happy, when we've health,
 Content, and moderate desires.

"Thy faither, NED, is far frae weel:
 "He luicks, poor body, varry bad:
 "A' ower he hez a cawdrife feel,
 "But thinks it's but a waff o' cawd.

"Aw've just been ower wi' somethin' warm,
 "Te try te ease the weary cough,
 "Which baffles byeth the drugs and charm,¹⁴
 "And threetens oft te tyek him off.

"He says, 'O, NAN, maw life thou's spar'd—
 "'The good its duin me's past believin':
 "'The Lord will richly thee rewaird—
 "'Thy care o' me will win thee heeven.'

"Now, as his bottle's nearly tume,
 "Mind think me on when at the toun
 "Te get the drop black-beer and rum,
 "As little else will now gan doun.

"We mebbly may be awd worsels,
 "When poverty's cawd blast is blawin',
 "And want a frien' when natur fyels,
 "And life her last few threeds is drawin'.

“ Besides, the bits o’ good we de
 “ The varry happiest moments gi’e us ;
 “ And mun, aw think, still help a wee
 “ At last frae awfu’ skaith te free us.

 “ Let cant and rant then rave at will
 “ Agyen good warks, aw here declare it,
 “ We’ ll still the hungry belly fill,
 “ Se lang as iver we can spare it.”

Here, then, we’ ll leave this happy pair,
 Their “ home affairs ” to con and settle—
 Their “ ways and means,” with frugal care,
 For marketing next day to ettle.

NOTES.

¹ The pitman receives his wages once a fortnight ; and the Friday night, which generally ends his labour for that week, is the time appointed for that purpose, and is called the “ pay night.” One week is called the “ pay week,” and the other the “ baff week.”

² That is, to know if the sum opposite his name in the bill agrees with his own account of his work for the fortnight. Eight or a dozen

men's earnings are put into one bill, as they call it, and paid by the viewer or overman to some one person who attends for that purpose, and who has sufficient "lare" to enable him to divide it at the public house where the others meet him.

³ A Ranter preacher, in the habit of holding forth on Gateshead Fell.

⁴ This was the bowling ground on Gateshead Fell fifty years ago, and certainly a more unsuitable line for such a purpose was never chosen. The distance from "Mawvin's Yett" to the "Popplin' Well" will not much exceed a mile, and consists of two very steep hills—the one called Roger's Hill—and the other the Meeting-House Bank, from its being near the old Methodist chapel. The bowlers commenced at "Mawvin's Yett," betwixt the Derwent Crook Pit and the farm-house now occupied by Mr. JOHN PATTISON, and proceeded over Roger's Hill, past Carter's Well, the old Methodist chapel, and ended at the "Popplin' Well," famous then, as well as now, for excellent washing water. This well is situated two or three hundred yards east of the top of the Meeting-House Bank, about the same distance south of Sheriff Hill Cottage, and nearly twenty yards west of the High Plantation, and an equal distance to the east of the present lane leading to the south.

⁵ JOHN CRONE, a warm-hearted, honest fellow, who took great delight in all the sports and pastimes of his day. He lost his life by falling from the corf whilst ascending the shaft of the Centre Pit in Ravensworth Colliery, the 17th of April, 1824. The melancholy event was occasioned by the rope slipping over the top edge of the rim of the gin, and jolting him and JOHN ROBSON out of the corf. Of course their death was the immediate consequence.

⁶ TOM DIXON was a famous bowler on Gateshead Fell; and if health permitted, was never absent from a bowling-match of any note; and even in his old age so strong was this "ruling passion," that he was frequently seen bowling by himself in the summer evenings.

Nay, it is reported, that on bringing home a coffin for one of his children, having to pass some young men bowling, he could not resist taking a single "thraw," and absolutely set down the coffin for that purpose. The following notice of him appeared in the *Tyne Mercury* of January 5th, 1828:—"Died, at the 'Black Raw,' adjoining Gateshead Low Fell, on the 3rd inst., THOMAS DIXON, aged 85. His wife and her brother died a few years ago at the same place—the former nearly 90, and the latter 92. Dixon was a very eccentric character, and cuts a figure in the 'PITMAN'S PAY,' published in the *Newcastle Magazine*. His great delight was in bowling, in which he invariably spent the greater part of his vacant hours, as long as age would permit. But now, in the language of his favourite amusement, he will never 'stride another trig'—his last 'thraw' has been 'thrawn,' without any chance whatever of being 'called back;' and as no man had more friends to 'show him the reet way,' we sincerely hope that in the 'match' of life which is now over, he will be found at last among those who 'win.'"

⁷ That part of Roger's Hill running north and south, close past the west side of the old Sheriff Hill engine, a flat betwixt two slopes, and a noted place for bowling before the common was enclosed. The ground here being of a spongy nature, swang, I suppose, is a corruption of swamp.

⁸ Two idiots, well known on Gateshead Fell upwards of forty years ago.

⁹ Leaving "some byet," means he has not completed his day's work, or hewed the number of corves "placed" him by the overman. It is no uncommon thing for pitmen, if two or three of them return from work together, and have to pass a public-house, to sit drinking until late in the day, and arrive at home "muzzy."

¹⁰ "Half-nowt" has long been the price of cheese, bawled in our ears by the female dealers in this article who have stalls in the streets. I suppose it means half-price, or half the quantity for nothing;

although a neighbour of mine insists upon it that it means fifty per cent. less than nothing!

¹¹ "A 'Box' or 'Club' instituted by inferior shopkeepers, generally linen-drappers, for supplying goods to poor or improvident people, who agree to pay for them by instalments."—*Brockett's Glossary*.

¹² Pond.

¹³ "Lately, at Bedlington, the place of his birth, JOHN WILSON, in the 86th year of his age. He lived the greatest part of his life on Gateshead Fell, and earned his living principally in the coal-pits. He was the village-butcher there for many years, and considered himself at the head of his profession in all pig-matters. He was usually called 'Lang JACK,' to distinguish him from 'Little JACK,' another person of the same name. He cuts a figure in the 'PITMAN'S PAY.'"—*Gateshead Observer*, January 27, 1838.

¹⁴ Quackery is not confined to drugs. The ignorant are often imposed upon by what designing knaves call "charms;" and when the former fail, recourse is had to the latter.

END OF PART FIRST.

THE PITMAN'S PAY.

PART SECOND.

A SKETCH of the latter part of a pay-night, with the drolleries produced by barleycorn—the commencement of a pitman's career as "trapper," showing how much the mind of a boy is excited, and his curiosity roused, on his first descent into a place he has heard so much about—a digression on roast-goose and giblet-pie—the confusion and hubbub at the bottom of the pit previous to the men and lads being dispersed through the various workings, with the preparations for "hingin' on"—PETER at a dead set, or the difficulty of "placin' the wark"—the pit "hings on"—the "heedsmen" commence "putting," when the efforts of the "waik" to keep pace with the "strang" are often distressing to see—two brothers, JACK and CHARLEY, being "waik," fight through the whole day—the cruel treatment of the lads by the "heedsmen," with the various occurrences which produce strife and stoppage through the day—the trapper, after some time earning fivepence a-day, now becomes the attendant of the overman or deputy, and increases his wages to sixpence, by carrying the axe and hand-saw—properly equipped, he next becomes a "putter"—the misery of "putting" in the olden time, with reflections upon it—nearly as bad as West Indian slavery—the great improvement made in this, *then* the most slavish part of a pitman's life, by the introduction of *cast metal* wheels and plates for the tram-ways—is now bound for a "half-marrow," and the next year gets a set of "geer," and begins to "hew"—the improvement in hewing, by the application of gunpowder, which in former times was only used to blast stone—remarks on the hardships

of a pitman's life, with a hint that the Devil must have been the author of it—a wish expressed that the “great” would consider the pitmen's ease—the appalling miseries they are subject to from fire and water—and a hope entertained that some amelioration might be effected, by the application of steam, now the grand operator in almost every department of labour—conclusion—the pleasure of having lived honest lives—the immorality of the higher classes—and the consolation at the end on reviewing a well-spent life.

WE'LL now return, a peep to take
 At what JOHN BARLEYCORN had done :
 Attempt a faint outline to make
 Of all his feats and all his fun.

The remnant left 's a motley crew—
 The din they make a perfect Babel—
 Contending who the most can hew,
 With thump for thump upon the table.

The unsnuff'd lights are now burnt low,
 And dimly in their sockets sweetling ;
 Whilst pots and glasses, at each blow,
 Are quickly off the table reeling.

There 's drouthy TOMMY¹ in the nook,
 For suction hard his elbow shaking ;
 And PHILIP,² up from Derwent Crook,
 Remarks the very drollest making.

There 's DICK³ that married BARBARA BLAND,
 More famous far for drink than hewing ;
 And PEEL,⁴ as drunk as he can stand,
 Reeling and dancing like a new un.

He barely can his balance keep,
Yet still he's "Play up, fiddler!" roaring;
But TOMMY having dropt asleep,
JACK foots away to TOMMY's snoring.

Some wicked wag his scraper greas'd,
And stole his rosin, (ill betide him!)
But what his arm completely seiz'd,
Was just the *empty pot* beside him.

Here lay a stool, and *there* a chair,
With pots o'erturn'd, and glasses broken:
Half-chew'd quids strew'd here and there,
And pipes no longer fit for smoking.

And though the yel's resistless power
Had silenc'd many a noisy tongue,
Two vet'rans still, 'midst dust and stour,
Conn'd o'er the days when they were young.

"Eh, JACK! what years ha'e passed away
"Sin we were trapper-lads tegither!
"What endless toil, byeth neet and day,
"Eneugh yen's varry pith te wither.

"Aw put the bait-poke on at eight,
"Wi' sark and hoggers, like maw brothers;
"Maw faither thinkin' aw meet steit
"Ha'e day about alang wi' others.

"The neet afore aw went te wark,
"A warld o' wonders cross'd maw brain,
"Through which they did se skelp and yark,
"As if maw wits had run amain.

- “Aw thowt the time wad ne’er be gyen,
“That *callin’-course* wad niver come ;
“And when the caller call’d at yen,
“Aw ’d gotten nowther sleep nor slum.
- “Aw lap up, nimmel as a flea
“Or lop, amang wor blankets spangin’ ;
“And i’ the twinklin’ of an o’e,
“Was fairly ower the bedstock bangin’.
- “Wor lads, poor things, were not se gleg,
“It tuik some time te fettle them :
“Se stiff, they scarce could move a peg,
“And fitter far te stay at hyem.
- “It was, ne doubt, a cooen seet,
“Te see them hirplin’ cross the floor,
“Wi’ anklets shaw’d, and scather’d feet,
“Wi’ salve and ointment plaister’d o’er.
- “The duds thrawn on, the breakfast tyen,
“They’re ready for another start,
“Te slave for eighteen hours agyen,
“Enough to rive atwee the heart.
- “Wor low rope let, a-field we set,
“The *trappin’ trade* quite crouse te lairn ;
“Poor mother, pairtin’ wi’ her pet,
“Cried, ‘ Hinnies, mind maw canny bairn.’
- “’Tis mair than forty years sin syne,
“Yet this upon maw mem’ry hings,
“We met awd NELL, and CUDDY’S *swine*,⁵
“Twae varry far fra sonsy things.

“ This boded ill tiv iv’ry skin,
“ And fix’d us a’ like barber’s blocks ;
“ Yet faither nobbut brack his shin,
“ And lost his bran-new backy-box.

“ The men were puttin’ in their picks
“ When we gat there ; and just about
“ The time we gat maw faither’s six
“ Put in, the first were luikin’ out.

“ Aw star’d at iv’ry thing aw saw,
“ For iv’ry tling was new te me ;
“ And when wor turn te gan belaw
“ Was come, aw went on DEDDY’s knee.

“ They popp’d us iv a jiffy down,
“ Through smoke, and styth, and swelt’rin’ heat ;
“ And often spinnin’ roun’ and roun’,
“ Just like a geuss upon a speet.

“ We’re gaun te get a geuss te morn,
“ There’s nowse aw get aw like se weel,
“ Efter they’re grown, wi’ stubble corn,
“ As fat and plump as ony seal.

“ Aw like her stuff’d wi’ onions best,
“ And roasted tiv a single roun’,
“ A’ nicely scrimpt frae back te breast—
“ Not brunt, but beautifully brown.

“ Of a’ the kinds o’ hollow meats
“ That greasy cuicks se oft are spectin’,
“ There’s nyen aw tyeest that iver beats
“ A geuss, the yess o’ trumps o’ eatin’.

- “She myeks a real royal dish,
“On which a king meet myek a myel :
“Aw wadn’t for a better wish,
“Were aw te morn a king mysel’.
- “The oddments, tec, beat boil or fry,
“Provided geussy be a good un—
“Eat famous in a giblet pie,
“Cribb’d roun’ wi’ coils o’ savoury puddin’.
- “But stop ! where was aw, thinks te, JACK,
“When aw began this wild-geuss chase ?
“It surely was a good way back :
“Let’s try te recollect the place.
- “We ’d pass’d the meetin’s, aw ’ve ne doubt :
“Indeed, aw think we ’d reach’d the bottom,
“Efter they ’d bumm’d us roun’ about,
“For a’ the world like a teetotum.
- “Wor nose within the barn-styen set,
“We stevell’d te the cabin, where
“The men and lads their cannels get,
“The seat o’ power and pitmen’s lare.
- “The durdum now there’s nowse can beat :
“‘Haund, DICKY, till aw get a chow !’
“‘Here, aw say, WILLY, gie ’s a leet !’
“‘DICK, damn ye, ha’d about a low !’
- “‘Come, hinny, BARTY, len’s a hand
“‘On wi’ maw corf !’ ‘Ye snotty dog,
“‘Put in yor tram, and dinnet stand
“‘There, squeekin’ like a half-ring’d hog !’

- “The lads are huntin’ for their trams—
“The hewers for their picks and clay—
“The heedsman little DICKY damns
“And blasts, for gettin’ off the way.
- “In bye they bunin’d me in a crack,
“And left me i’ maw faither’s board,
“Where he was buffin’ at a back
“As hard as whinstone, by the Lord.
- “He bray’d away byeth lang and sair,
“Before the stannin’ corf was hew’d :
“Was droppin’ sweet frae iv’ry hair,
“And hidden iv a reeky cloud.
- “For what he gat was varry sma’,
“Frae out the kirvens and the nickens ;
“The myest of which was left below,
“The rest like crums for feedin’ chickens.
- “When DICKY’s corf was fill’d wi’ sic,
“He let his low, and stuck ’t agyend—
“Ax’d DEDDY te lay down his pick,
“And help him te the heedwis end.
- “Suin efter he gat crept outbye,
“And me set down ahint maw door,
“JOE had the wark a’ cut and dry,
“And ettled rect for iv’ry hewer.
- “This was not a’ways eas’ly duin,
“As oft they turn’d out kittle maiters,
“Myest like an eclipse o’ the muin
“Te wor poor cabin calculators.

- “ Aw think aw see poor PETER now
“ Bamboozlin’ on for hours together,
“ Cursin’ a roun’ him black and blue,
“ And fit te fight wiv ony feather.
- “ There could not be a richer treat
“ Than seein’ PETER at a pinch ;
“ For as he blurr’d his wooden sheet,
“ His temper left him inch by inch.
- “ Off went his specks—the sweet ran down
“ A fyee wi’ botheration curst—
“ His wig gawn like a pointer roun’,
“ Now quite awry, then backside furst.
- “ The baitin’, tee, was deev’lish gallin’—
“ Rogues axin’ if he’d hev a clerk ;
“ Or in his lug for iver bawlin’,
“ “ Man, will ye niver place the wark ?”
- “ Aw’ve seen him i’ this muddled mess,
“ Click up his chalk and wooden buick,
“ Hissell, the pictur o’ distress,
“ Hidden ahint some awd wa nuik⁶—
- “ Where like a cunjurur he’d sit,
“ His black airt at some cantrips tryin’,
“ Till he gat iv’ry pairt te fit,
“ Then sally forth the dogs defyin’.
- “ The wark now placed, and pit hung on,
“ The heedsmen, whether duin or nut,
“ Mun iv’ry man and mother’s son
“ Lay doon the pick and start te put.

“Now then the bitter strife begins,

“All pullin’, hawlin’, pushin’, drivin’,

“Mang blood and dirt and broken shins,

“The waik uns wi’ the strang uns strivin’.

“Aw mind a tram byeth waik and slaw,

“Just streen’d te rags te keep her gannin’,

“Frae hingin’-on till howdy-maw,

“Ye hardly knew if gawn or stannin’.

“Just pinch’d te deeth, they ’re tarn and snarly,

“A’ yammerin’ on frae morn till neet—

“JACK off the way, blackgairdin’ CHARLEY,

“For at the corf nut lyin’ reet.

“While CHARLEY damns JACK’s hoolet e’en,

“His hick’ry fyecc and endless growl ;

“And sweers, if he agyen compleen,

“He ’ll splet his nell-kneed, wall-eyed soul.

“A shower o’ coals wi’ vengeance hurl’d,

“Suin rattl’d roun’ the lugs o’ JACK,

“Wi’ threats he ’d te the tother world

“Dispatch him sprawlin’ iv a crack.

“JACK didn’t like the journey then,

“And tried te shun the deedly blast

“By joukin’ down—nor show’d agyen

“His fyecc till a’ was ower and past.

“The bits o’ lads are badly us’d—

“The heedsmen often run them blind—

“They’re kick’d and cuff’d, and beat and bruis’d,

“And sometimes drop for want o’ wind.

- “ Sic, *then*, was the poor putter's fate,
“ Wi' now and then a stannin' fray,
“ Frae yokens, cawd pies, stowen bait,
“ Or cowp'd corves i' the barrow way.
- “ Aw tuik for some time day about,
“ And when aw wrought, myed fippence sure ;
“ Besides full mony a curse and cloot
“ Aw gat for sleepin' at the door.
- “ A better berth turn'd up at last—
“ The wages still but varry sma'—
“ For sixpence did not seem a vast
“ For carryin' LUKEY's aix and saw.
- “ But, then, at half-wark aw was duin,
“ And niver hardly gat maw thumps ;
“ Yet he was kittle—out o' tune—
“ And often gar'd me stur maw stumps.
- “ Wi' grease-horn ower maw shouthers slung,
“ And poekets stuff'd wi' waxy clay,
“ Wi' half-shoon at maw bait-poke hung,
“ Just fit me for the barrow-way.
- “ Aw neist tuik DUMMY by the lug,
“ The putter's purgatory here,
“ At which they daily toil and tug,
“ Blackgairded by some growlin' bear.
- “ Whene'er aw DAN THE DEEVIL had—
“ Or some sic hell-hound—for a marrow,
“ Maw life, aw's sure, was full as bad
“ As ony tyed's below a harrow.

- “The slav’ry borne by Blackymoors
“They ’ve lang been ringin’ i’ wor ears;
“But let them tyek a luik at wors,
“And tell us which the warst appears.
- “If ony, then, o’ Blacky’s race
“Ha’e harder cairds than wors te play,
“Why, then, poor dogs, ower hard’s their case,
“And truth’s in what wor preachers say.
- “Thou knaws for weeks aw’ve gyen away
“At twee o’clock o’ Monday mornin’,
“And niver seen the leet o’ day
“Until the Sabbath day’s returnin’.
- “But then, thou knaws, JACK, we are *free*;
“And though we work as nyek’d as them,
“We’re not sell’d inte slavery,
“Far, far away frae frinds and hyem!
- “Yet was aw at the point o’ deein’,
“And meet maw life leeve ower agyen,
“Aw wadn’t, JACK, aw think, be ’greein’,
“Unless *this* pairt was out on’t tyen.
- “For what’s in sic a life worth hev’in’,
“Still toilin’, moilin’, niver duin,
“Where the bit good weighs not a shavin’,
“The load of bad a thousand ton.
- “But heavy puttin’ ’s now forgotten,
“Sic as we had i’ former days,
“Ower holey thill and dyels a’ splettin’:—
“Trams now a’ run on metal ways.⁷

“This was the wark for tryin’ mettle—

“Here ivry tuil his level fand :

“Sic tussels nobbut pluck could settle,

“For nowse less could the racket stand.

“And had wor bits o’ yammerin’ yeps,

“That wowl about wor barrow-way,

“Te slave and drudge like langsyne cheps,

“They wadn’t worsel out a day.

“God bliss the man wi’ peace and plenty,

“That furst invented metal plates !

“Draw out his years te five times twenty,

“Then slide him through the heevenly gates.

“For if the human frame te spare

“Frae toil and pain ayont conceivin’,

“Ha’e ought te de wi’ gettin’ there,

“Aw think he mun gan strite te heeven.

“Aw neist te half a tram was bun,

“But gat a marrow gruff and sour.

“A heedsman, then, they myed me, suin ;

“And efter that, a puttin’-hewer.

“Another lang and slavish year

“At last aw fairly struggled through :

“Gat fettled up a set o’ geer—

“Was thowt a man, and bun te hew.

“This myed me maister for mysel’,

“Wi’ shorter wark and better pays ;

“And at maw awn hand didn’t fye!

“Te suin get bits o’ canny claes.⁸

- “ Here, agyen, had awd langsyners
“ Mony a weary, warkin’ byen,
“ Now unknow’n te coaly-Tyners,
“ A’ bein’ mell-and-wedge wark then.⁹
- “ Aw’ve bray’d for hours at woody¹⁰ coal,
“ Wi’ airmis myest droppin’ frae the shouther ;
“ But now they just pop in a hole,
“ And flap her down at yence wi’ pouter.
- “ A ‘back’ or ‘knowe’¹¹ sometimes, ’tis true,
“ Set doon maw top wi’ ease enough ;
“ But oftener far we had te tew
“ On wi’ a nasty, scabby reuf.¹²
- “ Here’s just a swatch of pitmen’s life,
“ Frae bein’ bree’k’d till fit te marry :
“ A scene o’ ceaseless pain and strife,
“ Hatch’d by wor deedly foe, AWD HARRY :
- “ For there’s ne imp iv a’ his hell
“ That could sic tortur hev invented :
“ It mun ha’e been AWD NICKY’s sel—
“ He likes te see us se tormented.
- “ Then ye that sleep on beds o’ doon,
“ An’ niver JACK THE CALLER dreedin’—
“ Gan finely clad the hyell year roun’,
“ And a’ways upon dainties feedin’—
- “ Think on us, hinnies, if ye please,
“ An it were but te show yor pity ;
“ For a’ the toils and tears it gi’es,
“ Te warm the shins o’ Lunnun city.

“The fiery ‘blast’ cuts short wor lives,
 “And steeps wor hyems in deep distress;
 “Myeks widows o’ wor canny wives,
 “And a’ wor bairns leaves faitherless.

“The wait’ry ‘wyest’,¹³ mair dreedful still,
 “Alive oft barries huz below:
 “O dear! it myeks yen’s blood run chill!
 “May we sic mis’ry niver knaw!

“Te be cut off frae kith and kin,
 “The leet o’ day te see ne mair,
 “And left frae help and hope shut in,
 “Te pine and parish in despair!

“If ye could on’y tyek a view,
 “And see the sweet frae off us poorin’—
 “The daily dangers we gan through,
 “The daily hardships we ’re endurin’—

“Ye wad send doon, aw ha’e ne doubt,
 “Some cheps on what they call a ‘mission,’
 “Te try if they could ferret out
 “Somethin’ te better wor condition.

“They wad, wi’ layin’ their brains asteep,
 “Suin hit upon some happy scheme,
 “(Which meet be duin, aw think, quite cheap,)
 “Te myek us kirve and nick by steam.

“Wor factories now gan a’ by steamin’,
 “Steam gars wor boats and packets sail;
 “And now, they say, they’re busy schemin’
 “Te myek *him* run the Lunnun mail!¹⁴

"How nice and funny it wad be,

"Te sit and see yen's jud myed riddy ;

"For then we'd ha'e nowt else te de

"But get *his* geer sharp'd at the smiddy.

"*He* grunds the corn te myek wor breed,

"*He* boils wor soup (yence thought a dream) :

"Begock ! aw's often flay'd te deed

"They'll myek us eat and sleep by steam !

"A' this *he* diz wi' parfet ease,

"(The sting o' gallin' labour pouin') :

"Then, hinny maisters, if ye please,

"Just let *him* try his hand at hewin'.

"Eh, man ! aw's dry : hand here the pot :

"Aw's just wi' talkin' fit te gyzen ;

"Nor will maw tougue move on a jot—

"It's dry wark, varry, moralizin'.

"Then reach thy hand, awd honest truth,

"An' let me gied a hearty shakin' ;

"An' may the frindship o' wor youth

"Be ne'er in hirplin' age forsaken.

"And may the bairns o' byeth wor hyems

"Prove 'honest men and bonny lasses :'

"The former handlin' doon wor nyems,

"As patterns te the workin' classes :

"The lasses choosin' sober men,

"But seldom seen the warse o' nappy :

"Blyth, kind, and good tiv ivry yen,

"And myekin' a' about them happy.

“It is nut geer that myecks the man,
“Nor fine broad claith the cliver fellow :
“A fuil’s a fuil, howiver gran’—
“The pouter’d pyte is often shallow.

“For happiness is not confin’d
“Te folks in halls or cassels leevin’ ;
“And if wor lives be good, ye’ll mind
“There ’ll nyen ax how we gat te heeven.

“We labour hard te myek ends meet,
“Which baffles oft the gentry’s schemin’ ;
“And though wor sleep be short, it ’s sweet,
“Whilst they ’re on bums and bailies dreamin’.

“There is a charm aw cannot nyem,
“That’s little knawn te quality :
“Ye’ll find it in the happy hyem
“Of honest-hearted poverty.

“Yor high-flown cheps oft fyel and brick,
“But we hev a’ways yet been yable
“Te keep the wheelband i’ the nick,
“Though oft wi’ but a barish tyeble.

“O dear ! but they lead wicked lives,
“If a’ be true that’s i’ the papers :
“Oft kissin’ yen another’s wives,
“And cuttin’ other idle capers.

“They run up debts they cannot pay—
“Whiles pay off PAUL wi’ robbin’ PETER ;
“But, thank God, JACK, there’s nyen can say
“We iver wrang’d a leevin’ creatur.

- “Aw dinnet mean te brag o’ this—
“It’s but the way we a’ should treed;
“But where the greet se often miss,
“We may luick up when we succeed.

“For, raither sic disgrace te share,
“An’ bring a stain upon wor freends,
“We’d wark, on breed-an’-waiter fare,
“Till blood drops frae wor finger ends.

“Besides, when a’ is fadin’ fast
“That cheer’d the droopin’ spirits here—
“When we luick backwards at the past,
“Te see how we’ll at last appear—

“’Twill form a breet and sunny place
“On which the mind may rest wi’ pleasur;
“An’ *then* de mair te help wor case,
“Than hoarded heaps o’ yearthly treasur.”
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NOTES.

¹ TOMMY COULSON, a stone-mason, and performer on the violin, who lived at Cow Close, and attended on all occasions of merry-making. He was, like many others of the same craft, a “drouthy crony,” and seldom left the scene of his labours as long as a “plack” remained in his pocket. If he attended a merry night at a public house on the Saturday evening, he was sure to be found there on the

Monday morning, and perhaps longer. There are several anecdotes told of him, arising out of his love of "suction." Amongst others is the following :—He had either been balloted for the Militia, or entered as a substitute, in one of his drunken frolics. The regiment had been some time at a distance; and TOMMY, having a wish to see his wife MALLY, obtained, on some pretext or other, a furlough, and wrote MALLY that about such a time she might expect him. The time appointed passed over, but TOMMY never appeared. Day after day she expected to see TOMMY, but no TOMMY came. At length she received a message, saying that he was at a public house, at about half a mile distance, and that if she wanted to see her husband, she must come soon to *him*, as his furlough was now up, and he had not time to come to *her*.

² PHILIP SHORT was a pitman, and died an old man, in Gateshead poor-house, in the summer of 1834. He was a regular "droll;" and when BARLEYCORN had operated a little upon him, he was the source of much amusement to the company.

³ DICK TAYLOR, a pitman, was only famous as having married BARBARA BLAND, the daughter of old NELL BLAND, the only *real* witch we had on the Low Fell. NELL was one of the party that was watching the corpse of TOM FORSTER the *first* time he died, and had her arm broken by being tumbled heels over head down-stairs at his resurrection; for, be it known, contrary to established usage, poor TOM died twice. After he made his exit the first time, and was laid out a decent corpse, the neighbours, as is customary on such occasions, were sitting up in the same room with the body, and holding what they call a "Lake Wake;" when, to their utter astonishment, they perceived the corpse gradually raising its head, until it sat upright. In a moment the room was cleared, and the whole company, that had been the instant before enjoying themselves in cracking jokes and telling stories, were tumbling one over the other down-stairs; and more, it is said, than poor NELL, came off with broken bones. TOM lived many years after this, and, when he *really* died, was an old man.

⁴ JACK PEEL was a pitman, and also a "theaker," a business of some note when the cottages on the Fell were all covered with "divots," but now extinct, since the common was enclosed. He was a hard-working man, and carried on his "theaking" operations after his day's work in the pit was finished. As he made a good deal of money, he could afford to indulge in an extra glass.

⁵ Pitmen consider it unlucky to meet a *woman* or a *pig* on their way to work: of course they are on the look-out through the day for some untoward event, when that has been the case. That it always happens so, is more than I can vouch for, but there is no rule without exceptions.

⁶ Such cases were not uncommon formerly, and this is true to the letter; but since the schoolmaster came abroad, they have no doubt been less frequent.

⁷ Previous to this, bringing out the coals to the crane or shaft, or what is called "putting," was the most distressing slavery. It was generally performed by boys, in nine cases out of ten too weak for the purpose—if even the materials had been better than they were, over which the trams then passed. What, then, must it have been, when a beech board was a godsend? And, more frequently, they had to drag their load over a fir deal or the bare "thill," the former too often split from constant wear, and the latter too soft to bear the load passing over it. Now, the whole way is laid with metal plates, even up to the face of the workings, so that a man or lad may run the tram before him both out and in, the plates being so formed as to keep the tram in a right direction. This important improvement made quite a revolution in "putting," and enabled *one* to effect with comparative ease what formerly required the most intense labour of *two*—a headsmen and a lad.

⁸ When a young man commences hewing, it is no uncommon thing for him to take his earnings into his own management, giving his parents a certain weekly sum for his board; or, if the parties cannot agree on this point, he takes lodgings at some neighbour's, where he

finds his own victuals, and pays so much a week for lodging and attendance. This is called "picklin' in his awn poke neuck." It does not unfrequently happen that he pitches his tent where the daughter of the house ultimately becomes his wife. This is often the real attraction that draws him from home, though a very different one may be pretended.

⁹ This alludes to the present practice of shooting down the "jud" or "top" with powder, instead of bringing it down with "wedges," as formerly. In drifting in stone, powder was always used, but in coal only in late years. In hewing, this is as great an improvement and saving of labour, as metal plates are in putting.

¹⁰ Tough, and difficult to separate.

¹¹ Partings in the coal, which set the "jud" down with little trouble, after the "kirving" and "nicking" are completed—sometimes even before.

¹² "Scabby roof," is where the coal does not part freely from the stone at the top.

¹³ By the Heaton catastrophe of the 3rd of May, 1815, 75 persons (41 men, and 34 boys,) lost their lives, together with the whole stock of horses which were in the pit at the time. For the details, see *Sykes's Local Records*.

¹⁴ This has already been effected.

END OF PART SECOND.

THE PITMAN'S PAY.

PART THIRD.

OUR hero, now a man, begins to take some pains to attract the attention of the lasses—his great agility—his dancing and musical acquirements—a description of his dress, with its powerful effect upon the fair sex—how much the girls contribute to our happiness—the many eyes that were upon him, and the means taken by SALL to “catch” him—a description of her dress, and how she completed her conquest—her consent obtained, with the difficulties attending getting that of her parents—Saturday night fixed for the attempt, with the many reasons for this being the fittest time for carrying a knotty point—his dropping in about bed-time—NELL at her last pipe, and JACK dozing in his chair—his reception by the old lady, with her complaints on the badness of the times, and her conversation with Mr. SMITH on the cause of things being so dear—JACK awake—his determination to exterminate the Yankees—a serious altercation on this subject between his wife and him—our hero’s uncertainty whether this squall, with the high prices of tea, sugar, and “backy,” would assist or obstruct him in the point he wished to carry—JACK’s salutation and WILL’s reply, with the great difficulty he had in telling him his errand—NELL thinks them both too young, and gives various reasons why they should wait awhile—his reply, and their consent—his great joy at his success, and the clinching the bargain by a jug of GEORGE’s “best”—everything now canvassed and fixed, from the “calling to church” to the name

of the first bairn, with each a glass of rum from JACK's private bottle at parting—reflections on time, with some remarks on weddings at that period—regret expressed that all our old customs, founded on the “wisdom of our ancestors,” should be done away, and fear that our present new-fangled notions will ultimately prove our ruin—“riding the stang” after marriage, with its object—a “good drink”—SALLY, to his great surprise, brings him twins—considered very lucky, from his being made a “shifter” soon, and a “deputy” after—his description of his learning, and how he got it—the *christening* of JACKY and BOBBY—particulars of that important day, with a comparison between the substantials given on such occasions then, to the flimsy materials now—frequency of christenings—lots of bairns, with always enough to give them—thankfulness for this—the bairns getting up, and old age creeping on, with a hope when death comes SALL and HE may be found ready—the rising sun and the empty quart admonish the alehouse party to go—the reckoning called, and they depart.

Aw now began te corl maw hair,
 “ (For corls and tails¹ were then the go,)
 “ Te clean maw een wi greeter care,
 “ And smarten up frae top te toe.
 “ For then aw'd mettle i' maw heels,
 “ A five-bar yett was nowt te me :
 “ Could bang them a' at threesome reels,
 “ And tip a hornpipe tiv a tee.
 “ Aw ne'er was fond of figurin' off,
 “ Yit sometimes, at a murry neet,
 “ In spite of iv'ry feckless scoff,
 “ Aw gav wor lasses' een a treat.

- “ The crack o’ whuslers i’ maw day,
“ Maw gewgaw touch was te the life ;
“ And at yen time, ’could nearly play
“ “ God syev the King’ upon the fife !
- “ Maw shinin’ coat o’ glossy blue,
“ Lapell’d, and lined wi’ breet shalloon—
“ Maw posy jacket, a’ bran new,
“ Just figur’d like maw mother’s goon—
- “ Maw breeks o’ bonny velveteen—
“ Maw stockin’s clock’d a’ up the leg—
“ Maw nice lang-quartered shoon se clean,
“ And buckles real tyuth-an’-egg²—
- “ Ga’ me the shape and air o’ yen
“ O’ raither bettermer condition ;
“ And gar’d the jades a’ girn agyen—
“ A glance frac me was quite sufficien’.
- “ Like ony chicken efter moot,
“ When its awd coat it fairly casses,
“ Aw swagger’d then ; for maw new suit
“ Play’d harlikin amang the lasses.
- “ Amang them aw wad a’ways be :
“ Aw cutter’d (canny things!) about ’em,
“ And varry suin began te see
“ Life wad be varry waireh without ’em.
- “ They help us up its rugged hills—
“ Soothe and support in toil and trouble—
“ Share wiv us a’ its thousand ills,
“ And a’ its pleasurs fairly double.

- “ Mony a ‘ cap’ was cock’d te catch me :
“ Gleg was mony a wily c’e :
“ Mony a mother wish’d te match me—
“ They a’ could fit me tiv a tee.
- “ Wor lasses then were blythe and bonny,
“ And blythe and bonny yit they are ;
“ But then or now, aw ne’er saw ony
“ ‘ Could wi’ maw bonny SALL compare.
- “ At church o’ Sundays smartly drest,
“ She often gav wor hearts a warmin’,
“ For nowt could stand her length o’ wyest—
“ And then the peak ahint, how charmin’!
- “ Her twilted pettikit se fine,
“ Frae side te side a fathom stritchin’,
“ A’ stitch’d wi’ mony a fancied line,
“ Wad stan’ itsel’, and was bewitchin’.
- “ Her high-heel’d shoon, wi’ buckles breet—
“ Her heed-geer a’ iv ample order—
“ Her toppin’ pinn’d and padded neat—
“ Her lappets and her three-ply border—
- “ Just set maw heart a pitty-pat,
“ And put me iv a fearful swither ;
“ But when her ‘ Robin Gray’³ she gat,
“ She carried heart and a’ thegither.
- “ Aw then could had ne langer out,
“ And SALL’s consent was blythely granted ;
“ But yit aw wasn’t free frae doubt,
“ As still there was the awd boy’s wanted.

- “ Aw thowt about it lyet and suin,
“ Yit put it off frae day te day :
“ *This* time, and *that*, it sud be duin,
“ But at the push maw heart gav way.
- “ It wasn’t, mind, because aw’d rued,
“ But blateness at a knotty case :—
“ Howiver, at the last aw screw’d
“ Maw courage te the stickin’-place.
- “ It shall be duin this varry week,
“ And Setturday—for this good reason—
“ Is far the fittest time te speak
“ On points that may—or nut—be pleasin’ :—
- “ That labour’s all oppressive load,
“ Which daily rasps us like a file,
“ Then ceases se te gall and goad—
“ He stays his iron_aim awhile.
- “ Besides, aw knaw the market gill,
“ Which JACK gets a’ways at the toon,
“ If what aw said sud prove a pill,
“ Wad gar it gan far better doon.
- “ This neet, tee, sometimes pleasur brings,
“ That i’ the rest ye lang may seek ;
“ As then folks end unsettled things,
“ And wi’ the clock wind up the week.
- “ It is the on’y yen i’ seeven,
“ When pitmen get a good neet’s sleep,
“ The weary, worn-out frame relievin’—
“ There’s then ne callin’ course te keep.⁴

“ E'en Care his-sel' unyokes his plough,
 “ Which ower the brow he's daily drivin',
 “ And gie's his nags a breathin' now,
 “ Ne langer te deform us strivin'.

“ He is an awd, ill-throven thief—
 “ O ! hang him, himmies, i' yor lycees ;
 “ For wiv his blear-c'ed titty, Grief,
 “ They rig-and-fur yor bonny fycees

“ The day cam roun' ; yit, strange te tell,
 “ Aw shilly-shally'd on till neet ;
 “ And just dropt in when mother NELL
 “ Was gawn her hin'most pipe te lect.

“ ‘ Why, lad, what's set te here se lyet—
 “ ‘ Draw in a seat, and cruick thy hough—
 “ ‘ The pipe's the on'y thing aw get
 “ ‘ That helps me wi' the weary cough.’

“ Awd JACK was dozin' iv his chair—
 “ His stockin's lyin' ower his knee—
 “ His wig hung up wi' greetest care—
 “ His neet-cap thrawn on all aglee.

“ Like all attentive, lovin' men,
 “ That are wi' talkin' spouses blest,
 “ He'd listen'd till he snored agyen,
 “ Which set poor NELLY's tongue at rest.

“ ‘ As thou cam' in, lad, aw was sayin'
 “ ‘ Poor folks wad nut get fended suin :
 “ ‘ They're now a tax on backy layin'—
 “ ‘ Aw wonder when they will be duin.

- “ ‘It was but just the tother day
“ ‘They rais’d the tea and sugar byeth :
“ ‘Aw really see ne other way
“ ‘(And yit aw wad be raither lyeth),
“ ‘Then just at yence give ower the three :—
“ ‘Still the drop tea’s maw main support ;
“ ‘And when aw’s put aboot, ye see,
“ ‘There’s on’y then the backy for’t.
“ ‘But that’s not a’ ; for Mr. Smith
“ ‘Tell’d me the cannels a’ were risin’ !
“ ‘Dear me, says aw, sir, what’s that with ?
“ ‘It’s by maw truly quite a byson.
“ ‘It is the plaguy war, I fear—
“ ‘They can’t, says he, the Yankees beat.
“ ‘Bliss me, says aw, that’s varry queer,
“ ‘De they now fight by cannel-leet.
“ ‘What hez the Yankee bodies duin ?
“ ‘Or what de we for fightin’ get ?
“ ‘They’ll leave us neither dish nor spuin,
“ ‘And ower heed and ears i’ debt.’
“ ‘A real backbone Tory—JACK,
“ ‘When ‘Yankee’ struck his drowsy lug,
“ ‘Roar’d out, ‘We’ll spend wor hin’most plack,
“ ‘Te gie them iv’ry yen a slug.’
“ ‘For God’s syek, hinny, haud thy tongue—
“ ‘Thou’s a’ways rect, aw niver doubt it ;
“ ‘And if thou said the tap’s the bung,
“ ‘Aw wadn’t fash maw thoom about it :

- “ ‘ For woman’s words ha’e little weight
“ ‘ On hyem affairs, or ’bout the nation ;
“ ‘ Yit oft we de what bothers quite
“ ‘ Wor lovin’ lords o’ the creation.
- “ ‘ The waik gan a’ways te the wall—
“ ‘ It’s reet ye ha’e the upper hand ;
“ ‘ But how we ha’e ne say at all,
“ ‘ Hang me if aw can understand.
- “ ‘ But niver mind : we mun knock under—
“ ‘ There’s nowt else for us while we’re here ;
“ ‘ Yet still aw cannot help but wonder,
“ ‘ When aw’s threapt out o’ what’s se clear.’
- “ ‘ Ne say ! Eh ! thou’s a Tartar, NELL !
“ ‘ What’s that but sayin’ aw’s i’ the wrang ?
“ ‘ Thou’ll ha’e the cowpin’ word thysel’,
“ ‘ Or talk for iverlastin’ twang.
- “ ‘ Were it a thing ’bout which te brag,
“ ‘ Aw here meet boast, o’ Wear or Tync
“ ‘ There niver did a clapper wag
“ ‘ That had the smallest chance wi’ thine.’
- “ ‘ Lang as this matrimonial squall
“ ‘ Was kept by JACK and NELLY blawin’,
“ ‘ He didn’t scunner me at all,
“ ‘ Nowt mindin’ then but NELLY’s jawin’.
- “ ‘ Aw’d a’ the time been wonderin’ sair
“ ‘ If this palaver tell’d for me ;
“ ‘ Or if the odds were less or mair,
“ ‘ That SALL at last maw rib wad be.

- “ At what he said, aw could hae blair’d
“ About the pinches then o’ leevin’;
“ Yit when aw iv’ry thing compar’d,
“ The arguments seem’d nearly even :
- “ The times bein’ bad, aw clearly fand
“ Wad likely myek him say me nay ;
“ But gettin’ SALLY off his hand,
“ Meet turn the skyell the tother way.
- “ A gliff o’ me, and breeth te speak,
“ Brought out—‘ Hollo, lad ! where’s te been ?
“ ‘ Aw’ve niver seen thee a’ the week—
“ ‘ The seet o’ thee’s good for sair een.’
- “ Aw hammer’d out some lyem excuse,
“ But nobbut iv a humdrum way ;
“ And humm’d and haw’d, te little use,
“ About somethin’ aw had te say.
- “ Aw luik’d a’ queer, and scratch’d maw heed,
“ As if the words war steekin’ there,
“ Amang that little plaguy breed
“ That skelp about in youngster’s hair.
- “ At lang-last tummell’d out maw tyel,
“ That aw was gawn te change maw life—
“ Liked SALLY better than mysel’,
“ And wish’d te hev her for a wife.
- “ NELL now laid doon her pipe, and said,
“ ‘ Maw SALLY, hinny’s, but a bairn,
“ ‘ And thou’s ower young by far te wed—
“ ‘ Ye byeth ha’e mickle yit te lairn,

“ ‘ Afore ye’re fit te fight yor way

“ ‘ Through scant, and want, and misery,

“ ‘ Enegh at sic a time te flay

“ ‘ Poor folks like uz frae bucklin’ te.

“ ‘ Think of a heap o’ hungry bairns

“ ‘ About an empty cupboard cryin’,

“ ‘ Wi’ mebbly he, that hardly earns

“ ‘ Their daily breed, i’ seekness lyin’—

“ ‘ Without a coin, or crust o’ breed,

“ ‘ (And, mind, this dowly lot’s been NELLY’s,)

“ ‘ Or friend te lend, in times o’ need,

“ ‘ A helpin’ hand te fill their bellies.

“ ‘ The parish now, wi’ miser’s care,

“ ‘ Mun thrimmel out some sma’ relief;

“ ‘ But oh! it’s cawd, and just ne mair

“ ‘ Than keeps them i’ this warld o’ grief.

“ ‘ Think weel o’ this, and wait awhile,

“ ‘ Till things are iv a better plight;

“ ‘ For young folks oft theirsels beguile—

“ ‘ They think, when wed, a’s smooth and streight.

“ ‘ A’ things are just twee prices now,

“ ‘ And wark was niver knawn se slack,

“ ‘ And we’ve had sic a warsel through,

“ ‘ We cannot spare poor SALL a plack.’

“ ‘ Hoot, hinny! let’s keep up wor hearts—

“ ‘ Ye’ll see we’ll myek a decent fend:

“ ‘ The warld gans a’ by fits and starts—

“ ‘ When things are at the warst they’ll mend:

- “ ‘Gi’e me but SALL, aw want ne mair,
“ ‘The house aw’ll fettle up mysel :
“ ‘Aw’ll work maw byens byeth lang and sair,
“ ‘And at the *pay* she’s ha’e the hyell.
- “ ‘Nay, there’s be nowt aw winnet de,
“ ‘And SALL aw’s sure will de the syem,
“ ‘In joinin’ heart and hand wi’ me,
“ ‘Te myek us byeth a happy hyem.
- “ ‘Come weal or woe, come fouth or scant,
“ ‘We’ll share the good and bad thegither ;
“ ‘And when wark’s flush, for time o’ want,
“ ‘Lay by some cottrils i’ the blether.
- “ ‘For we’ll nut wyest, ower drams and drouth,
“ ‘What aw’ve been wrought for myest te deeth ;
“ ‘Nor leeve like some, frae hand te mouth,
“ ‘Wi’ ne’er a doit before their teeth.’
- “ ‘The awd folks lik’d maw tyel, aw fand,
“ ‘And SALL-aw’s sure, thowt it a topper ;
“ ‘But when aw said, if they stood need,
“ ‘Aw’d share wi’ them the hinmost copper—
- “ ‘Wi’ hearts, poor things, it now was clear,
“ ‘Ower full by far, owt much te say,
“ ‘They wip’d away the fallin’ tear,
“ ‘And wish’d us mony a happy day.
- “ ‘The day was won, maw fears were duin,
“ ‘The happiest man o’ Wear or Tyne,
“ ‘Wi’ pleasur aw was ower the muin,
“ ‘A’ else was caff and sand te mine.

- “ A cuckoo-mornin’ give a lad,
“ He values nnt his plagues a cherry :
“ A back or knowe myeks hewers glad,
“ A gandy-day⁵ myeks a’ hands merry.
- “ Thou’s often help’d te buss the tyup,
“ And mun knaw a’ the joy we fand
“ When labour’s yearly darg was up,
“ And lots o’ gandy-days at hand.
- “ But back or knowe, or gandy-day,
“ Or cuckoo-morn, wi’ a’ their pleasur,
“ Nor that o’ gossips round a tray
“ O’ tea weel lyeced,⁶ and spicy fizzer,
- “ Had nowt te de wi’ what aw felt,
“ When SALL was for maw kyevel drawn :
“ Nay, a’ maw joy’s nut te be telt,
“ Sic happiness aw’d niver knawn.
- “ They say dry bargains stand for nowse,
“ Howiver honest the intent—
“ That a’ the pairts suin joggle lowse,
“ Without some barleycorn cement.
- “ A jug o’ GEORDY’S⁷ maut and hop
“ Suin put us iv a merry pin—
“ The corn that suited JACKY’S crop,
“ And fine for lowsenin’ the skin.
- “ He laugh’d and jok’d, and ran the rig,
“ Just like a cairder wi’ the yess :
“ He kill’d a care at iv’ry swig,
“ And popp’d a pleasur iv its place.

- “ Wor tongues becam’ ne cripples now,
“ The words cam’ skelpin’ rank and file :
“ Bein’ talkers a’, we rattled through
“ Wor business iv a famous style’
- “ Nowt else was wantin’ but the priest
“ To call^s us, and te tie the knot—
“ Except the *time*, which cam’ on neist,
“ And tuik us myest another pot
- “ Te get conn’d ower ; for SALLY myed
“ Some sleight objection te the day,
“ As ower suin ; but smudgin’ said,
“ ‘ Aw fancy ye mun hae yor way.’
- “ The last thing canvass’d was the nyem,
“ Provided we a youngster had.
“ ‘ It mun be JACKY,’ said the dyem,
Nut dootin’ it wad be a lad.
- “ Wor business duin, wor pitcher tuim,
“ JACK out his private bottle drew,
“ And wi’ a bangin’ glass o’ rum,
“ We finish’d off as it struck two.
- “ Coax time te loiter, he will flee :
“ Spur him te speed, he’s sure te creep ;
“ But warse than this he treated me,
“ For oft aw thowt he’d dropt asleep.
- “ Yit iv’ry day still weers away,
“ However slaw they seem te gan :
“ Se cam’, at lang last, round the day
“ When we before the priest mun stan’.

- “ But, bliss ye ! weddins, now-a-days,
“ Are nowt te what we had them then :
“ We didn’t slink through private ways,
“ For fear that ony bōdy ken.
- “ Wors weren’t hugger-mugger things,
“ For fifty folks could scarce be hidden ;
“ And scrapers, tee, on fiddle strings,
“ Among the rest were a’ ways bidden.
- “ We muster’d strang, a gallant band
“ As iver legs i’ leather put :
“ A’ shinin’ frae the tyelyer’s hand,
“ And iv his varry newest cut.
- “ We’d lots o’ bonny lasses, tee,
“ A’ flantin’ i’ the pink o’ fashion :
“ A finer seet ye couldn’t see—
“ We’ve now-a-days nowt half se dashin’.
- “ Wi’ spirits up, and favours gay,
“ (For all in vogue were favours then,)
“ Te church the music led the way,
“ And brought us dancin’ back agyen.
- “ Half-cock’d and canty, hyem we gat,
“ Mang smoke, and dust, and rattlin’ guns,
“ Hurrahs and cheers frae mony a hat,
“ And fiddlers a’ at different tuins.
- “ The bride-kyek neist, byeth sweet and short,
“ Was toss’d in platefuls ower the bride :
“ The lads and lasses scrammel’d for’t,
“ Wi’ airms and mouths stritch’d far and wide.

- “ Then helter-skelter in we bang,
“ The dinner waits, we snuff the smell ;
“ And, a’ sharp-set, we weren’t lang
“ In dashin’ in amang the kyel.
- “ But feast and fun, and fuddled heeds,
“ The stockin’-thrawin’, and the beddin’,
“ Here nyen o’ maw description needs—
“ Thou’ll find them i’ the *Collier’s Weddin’*.
- “ Aw cannot help remarkin’ here,
“ How varry different things are now :
“ We want that sonsy, hearty cheer,
“ That we on sic occasions knew.
- “ There’s been, aw think, ne luck, sin a’
“ Wor good awd ways were broken through :
“ This spread o’ lare sets high and law,
“ A nonskyep efter owt that’s new.
- “ Wor faithers now are a’ thowt fuils,
“ And nowt they said or did is reet :
“ The bairns are wiser, since the skuils
“ Stuff’d them se full o’ this new leet.
- “ They gie them a’ the pox frae kye—
“ Myek leet wi nowther oil nor week—
“ And hae, folks say, been varry nigh
“ The muin, hung at a bag o’ reek !
- “ Far warse ! aw heerd wor BOBBY read
“ The pyeper, where it tells aboot
“ Cheps that can tell what’s i’ yor heed,
“ Wi’ keekin’ at the nobs without.

- “Aw’ve had maw awn suspicion lang,
“That wor affairs were gawn aglee ;
“But where’s the wonder a’ gans wrang,
“When men presume sie things te de.
- “The varry weather’s out o’ joint—
“We’ve thunner now instead o’ snaw :
“The wind howls frae the winter-point,
“When it sud summer-breezes blaw.
- “But how could we, aw’d like te ax,
“Expect te hev it owt like sure,
“Wi’ wor new-fangled almanacks,⁹
“And total want o’ faith in MOORE.
- “We’ll bring a judgment o’ the land,
“As sure as iver we are leevin’,
“Like them of awd, that tuik in hand
“Te myek a way streight up te Heeven.
- “Weel ! efter a’ was dealt and duin,
“As was, thou knaws, the custom then,
“They myed me ride the stang,¹⁰ as suin
“As aw show’d fyece at wark agyen.
- “The upshot was a gaudy day,
“A grand blaw-out wi’ GRUNDY’s yell,
“A real moistenin’ o’ the clay,
“Wi’, then, the best o’ GYETSHED FELL.
- “Se time wagg’d on, till nine months’ end,
“Myed me luik out for little JACK ;
“But gat a gliff, thou may depend,
“On hearin’ BOB was at his back.

- “ ‘ Wuns,’ says aw, ‘ this rough beginnin’,
“ ‘ Wi’ double-chuckers, frightens me ;
“ ‘ For as she’s myed a start wi’ twinnin’,
“ ‘ She’ll mebbly neist time bring me three !’
- “ Yit, frae maw lads maw luck aw trace,
“ (And finer, sees te, ne’er were bred) :
“ Aw gat at furst a shifter’s place,
“ And then a deputy was myed.
- “ For aw’d pick’d up some bits o’ lare,
“ Wi’ tendin’ close the skuil at neets ;
“ But mony a time the hours spent there
“ Sud ha’e been gi’en te sleep wi’ reets.
- “ Aw lik’d a ballant, or a buik,
“ Se much, it wad ha’e duin ye good—
“ T’iv seen me sittin’ i’ the nuik,
“ Wi’ HICKATHRIFT or ROBIN HOOD.
- “ Wi’ here an awd wife on a stuil,
“ And there an awd man on a chair,
“ Enjoyin’ all a bellyfull
“ O’ laughin’, at maw stories rare.
- “ Nay, sic a dab was aw when young,
“ At readin’, oft wi’ pious raptur
“ The awd folks stared, as frae maw tongue
“ Dropt NEHEMIAH’s kittle chapter.
- “ For this was then the test o’ talents,
“ A feat that dulbarts cudn’t de,
“ As nyen but varry cliver callants
“ Could learnin’s lether moont se hee.

- “ And then, at castin’ ’counts aw grew
“ As ’cute and gleg as ony clerk—
“ Had a’ the ‘goulden rule’ gyen through,
“ And myest was fit te *place* the wark.¹¹
- “ Maw lads began te thrive like trouts—
“ Their mother, tee, was mendin’ fast—
“ Her month was out, or thereabouts,
“ A time for christenin’¹² rarely pass’d.
- “ But christenin’s now are suiner duin
“ By far, than what they used to be :
“ Folks were nut ax’d for efternuin,
“ Te get blawn out wi’ blashy tea.
- “ For nowt but solids then wad please—
“ Substantials that wad bide some cuttin’—
“ A ham and veal, a round and peas,
“ Some tormits and a leg o’ mutton—
- “ A dumplin’ like a sma’-coal heap—
“ A puil o’ spice-kyel i’ the middle—
“ Wi’ pies and puddin’s, wide and deep,
“ About myed up the savoury siddell.
- “ Here there was plenty, gawin’ and comin’—
“ Here we could cut and come agyen ;
“ And a’ wesh’d doon, by men and women,
“ Wi’ bumpers frae the awd grey-hen.
- “ This was the kind o’ belly-timmer,
“ For myekin’ pitmen strang and tuiff ;
“ But now they run them up far slimmer,
“ Wi’ tea, and other weshy stuff.

- " Splash gan the spuins amang the kyell—
 " De'il tyek the hinmost! on they drive—
 " Through and through the bowl they wyell—
 " For raisins, how they stretch and strive!
- " This ower, wi' sharp and shinin' gear
 " They now begin their narrow workin';
 " Whilst others, eager for the beer,
 " Are busy the grey hens uncorkin'.
- " Though still they're i' the hyell a' hewin',
 " Afore they close the glorious day,
 " They jenkins a' the pillars¹³ doon,
 " And efter tyek the stooks¹⁴ away.
- " They were nut hamper'd then wi' vends,
 " The *torns* were ready—nyen need wait:
 " A customer ne suiner sends,
 " Than back returns the loaded plate.
- " Mony a bout like this we had,
 " For SALL was reg'lar as a clock—
 " In iv'ry year, good times or bad,
 " Another addin' te the stock.
- " She brought me lots o' canny bairns,
 " She iv'ry whupwhile wanted BELLA;¹⁵
 " Yit efter a', wi' SALLY CAIRNS
 " Aw've jogg'd through life a happy fellow.
- " We a'ways had te de wor torn,
 " And somethin' for a time o' need;
 " A *lyin'-in* ne'er myed us mourn,
 " For wi' the *mouth* still cam the *breed*.

“ Wor bairns are now a’ men an’ women,
 “ And wearin’ up the warld te knaw ;
 “ While SALL and aw are byeth fast tuimmin’
 “ The cup o’ life, already *law*.

“ Wi’ what we had we war content,
 “ Howiver hyemly was the fare :
 “ We tuik wi’ thanks what Heeven sent,
 “ Nor murmur’d that it wasn’t mair.

“ But we hev, JOANNY, had wor day,
 “ And mun te time an’ age submit :
 “ Then come the summons when it may,
 “ We’ll be prepared, aw hope, for it.

“ And when life’s last *stook’s* tyen away,
 “ And nowt but *wyest* and *ruin* near—
 “ When *creep* comes ower wor *wrought-out* clay,
 “ And all’s *laid-in* for iver here—

“ May we a’ *hyell* be *won* agyen,
 “ Ayont yon dark and druvy river—
 “ Torn out a *high main*, bet by nyen,
 “ And, without fyellin’, *gan* for iver.”

The sun just here peep’d o’er the hill,
 Surprised—and almost seem’d to say,
 “ What ! are ye sitting guzzling still—
 “ Are these your tricks when I’m away ?”

The lark had left his loving spouse
 Engaged in family affairs,
 And with his notes, conceal’d by dews,
 Cheer’d her amidst her nursing cares—

The industrious dame had just awoke,
And thrown her window-board ajar,
The earliest clouds of lazy smoke,
Then stealing from the chimney were—

When this laborious, honest pair,
Borne down, and bent, by toil and time,
The shadows now of what they were
When they stood firm in manhood's prime,

Began to think it time to part,
Admonish'd by the rising sun,
As well as by the empty quart,
And WILLY'S story being done.

With—"Hinny, tell us what's te pay"—
WILL waken'd up the drowsy dyem.
The *chalks* cast up, the reck'ning they
Get thrimmel'd out, and toddle hyem.

NOTES.

¹ It was then the custom for young men to wear their hair at the temples in curls, turning it round a thin piece of lead, inclosed in paper. These leads were only taken out at the end of the week, when the head was to be washed. Tails were common almost to persons of all ages, differing in length and thickness according to the fancy of the wearer.

² *Tutenague*, a white metallic compound.

³ The most fashionable bonnet of that day.

⁴ A person named the "caller" goes round every morning, to tell the pitmen it is time to rise. The time appointed for this is called "callin' course." Should it happen that there is no caller, then one of the family has this charge, and is said to have "the callin' course te keep."

⁵ There are certain times of the year when the young men and lads refuse to work, and insist on a "Gaudy Day:" for instance, the first morning they hear the cuckoo, and when the turnips and peas are at maturity. They call these periods "A Cuckoo Mornin'," "A Tormit [Turnip] Mornin'," and "A Pea Mornin'." At such times they frequently adjourn to a neighbouring public house, where they enjoy themselves during a great part of the day.

⁶ *Lyeced* (or laced) tea, is tea mixed with spirits. "Spicy Fizzer" is a cake almost black with currants, baked upon a girdle.

⁷ GEORDY GRUNDY, who kept the sign of the BLACK HORSE, one of the first houses on the Low Fell for "cock-fightin'," "cuddy racin'," and all other pitmen's amusements on the "pay nights."

⁸ To be "called" at church, is to have the banns published.

⁹ The first number of the *British Almanack* was published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" in 1828, and was a wonderful improvement on MOORE and others. It was not only the means of bringing forth others on a similar plan, but of greatly improving many of the old ones.

¹⁰ "Ridin' the stang," in this case, is not meant as a mark of disgrace, as it is in many others: on the contrary, it is rather an honour. The bridegroom is mounted on a board or pole, and carried to the

public house upon the shoulders of two men, where he is expected to give the pit's crew a "blaw out." The last married man is always chosen Mayor, and undergoes the same operation. Both these events produce "gandy days."

¹¹ "Placin' the wark," is out of a certain number of scores of corves, to arrange how many each man is to hew, and how many each tram is to "put."

¹² It was thought discreditable, fifty years ago, not to christen your children on or before they were a month old: now, people are not so exact.

¹³ "Pillars" are those parts of the coal left to support the roof when a pit is wrought the first time over.

¹⁴ "Stooks" are what is left for the same purpose, whilst the greater part of the "pillars" are removed. Frequently the "stooks" also are taken away—in which case no coal whatever is left.

¹⁵ BELLA LAING, the village "howdy," of whose death the following notice appeared in the *Tyne Mercury* of January 1, 1833:—"At Gateshead Fell, on Saturday last, ISABELLA LAING, in her 91st year. She practised as a midwife for many years in that place, and must have been present when many of its inhabitants, now living, made their 'first appearance on this transitory stage,' as her practice was very extensive. She has passed respectably through life, and will be remembered for years to come, as the fortunate howdy of Gateshead Fell."

FINIS.

STANZAS

ON

THE INTENDED NEW LINE OF ROAD

FROM

POTTICAR-LANE TO LEYBURN-HOLE.

STANZAS
ON THE
INTENDED NEW LINE OF ROAD,

&c.

ONE evening in June, when the lasses were raking,
A squad of queer chaps met to talk o'er the news,
To canvass the prices of 'taties and bacon,
The rearing of pigs, and how many each hews.¹

Amongst other matters, they talked of the hall²
About to be raised on the Sour Milk Hill,
And the new line of road, which is wormwood and gall
To the Wrekenton bodies, who wince at the pill.

There had long been a talk that the old hilly line³
Would, one day or other, be quite laid aside;
But where they would take it, no one could divine,
For even the rich folks could not this decide.

At first the best line was thought up the Back Lane,⁴
Being just quite as hilly as good roads should be;
As sudden transitions from hills to a plain,
Might ill with the poor horses' habits agree.

For the very wise heads up at Wrekenton town⁵
 Had labour'd to settle these few simple points,
 That the horses' delight is an up and a down,
 A hill clears their wind and relaxes their joints.

One party preferr'd this, because it was cheaper ;
 A second the line by the fields would pursue ;
 A third would take Bensham, being longer and steeper,
 Still keeping the up-and-down system in view.

There were Old Liners, Back Laners, Birtley Fellers,
 And Chain-Bridgers canny Newcastle to shun ;⁶
 Whilst the "cheap Johns" would pass over Pipewellgate's cellars,
 Or climb o'er the hills, from old Gateshead to run.⁷

But the line through the fields all the others surpasses,
 As has been resolv'd by the wiser trustees ;
 So that nothing remains but the horses and asses
 To get reconciled to this valley of ease.

This brings me at length to the thread of my story,
 Which is to describe the line through the Low Fell ;
 And as DICKY told it I'll lay it before ye,
 For none at a story could DICKY excel :—

"Aw say, lads, ha'e ye heerd what they're gannin' te de
 "Wi' the tornpike frae canny Newcassel te Lunnin ?
 "They'll shift it, they say, if the greet folks can 'gree,
 "Where the coaches and mails will flee 'steed o' runnin'.

"'Boot Potticar Lonnin they leave the awd road,⁸
 "Where hill upon hill rises iver se high,
 "Up which the poor animals now drag their load,
 "For a' the world like claverin' up te the sky.

- “ Then they NICHOLSON’S⁹ pass, and the pown at Brick Dean,
 “ Where the mother her love-begot babby did droon,¹⁰
 “ And where it’s white ghost hez been frequently seen
 “ By half-fuddled folks comin’ lyet frae the toon.

 “ Snin they reech Whinny House, and the sign o’ the Buck,
 “ Where aw’ve oft been se blin’ as te nut knaw me mother;
 “ And then by the Meetin’,¹¹ and BOGGIN’S Dike Neuk,¹²
 “ Where gamlers, lang syne, used to bilk yen another.

 “ Then rect ower the Fell, and by CAIRTER’S famed Well,¹³
 “ Where the waiter, like wine, ye see a’ways runnin’,
 “ And is better by far than the poor blashy yel
 “ Folks get i’ Newcassel or even i’ Lunnan.

 “ Then away on te Chowden, and by the Black Raw,¹⁴
 “ Where a batch of awd bodies is quietly leevin’,
 “ Where the houses ha’e stood sin wor awd mother’s fa’,
 “ And folks gan as awd as the hills up te Heeven.

 “ They neist reach WILKIN’S Well, ayont Chowden Ha’,
 “ Where wor BET gets her drop o’ tea-waiter,¹⁵
 “ Which she says diz se weel her black tea-pot draw,
 “ Whether tea’s in’t or nut’s little maiter.

 “ Harley Green then they pass, and HARRISON’S shop,
 “ Where they bang a’ for capital shoein’;
 “ And if a shoe’s wanted, ye hardly need stop—
 “ Iv a jiffy they clap on a new un.

 “ Then on te Law Eighten, and doon te the Yett¹⁶
 “ Where wi’ thieves mony yen’s had te wressel,
 “ And where the coach-horses ye see smokin’ het,
 “ Scrafflin’ up the Lang Bank te Newcassel.¹⁷

- “ But *then* they’ll ne mair ha’e te wabble and wheeze,
 “ Up heart-breckin’ hills a’ foam’in’ and faggin’,
 “ For on the new line an awd cuddy, wiv ease,
 “ Will draw the mail-coach or even a waggon.

 “ Ye’ll see how they’ll nicker and torn up their tails,
 “ (At their favourite hills giein’ mony a keek,)
 “ As they run ower the Fell wi’ the coaches and mails,
 “ Wi’ ne’er a torn’d hair, and fresh as a leek.

 “ How the seet will inrich, te, the travellers’ een¹⁸
 “ For mony miles roun’, i’ their whurligigs bummin’;
 “ And a’ the hill-toppers, ower field, wood, and dean,
 “ Will easily see what’s gannin’ and comin’.

 “ There’s wor maister’s new nibor cock’d up o’ the hill,¹⁹
 “ The clouds clean belaw and the stars just abuin,
 “ Where his pipe he may smoke, or wag hands, if he will,
 “ Wiv his sonsy awd nibor, the man i’ the muin.

 “ Wor awd coaly Tyne doon frae Stella te Shiels
 “ He can easily see a’ the way as its runnin’,
 “ And the bonny black di’monds gawn doon i’ the keels,
 “ Te comfort and warm the starv’d bodies i’ Lunnen.

 “ Wiv his glass he can spy a’ the leet ships i’ shoals
 “ Myest as suin as they leave Lunnen river,
 “ As weel as them leavin’ the Bar wi’ their coals,
 “ For the diff’rent ports where they’re gawn te deliver.

 “ Yit this is but a trifle te what he’ll see suin,
 “ When the mail through wor Law Fell is fleein’:
 “ He’ll see, as he’s moistenin’ his clay up abuin,
 “ For mony miles off, the gaird’s horn, without lecin’.

- “ On the other hand, luik up te Ravensworth toors²⁰
 “ Which gran’mother says are as awd as the muin,
 “ And ye’ll see the dark gloom that now ower them lours,
 “ Mun vanish the moment McADAM gets duin.
 “ For the first time the mail-coach will glent o’ them *then*,
 “ As weel as the gimeranks they’ll see a’ways runnin’,
 “ Wi’ Dukes, and wi’ Lords, and wi’ Parli’m^t men,
 “ Comin’ doon frae and gawn up te Lunnen.
 “ They’ll see mountebanks, rope-danceers, jugglers, and quacks,
 “ Outlandishmen, tee, wi’ their bear and their fiddle,
 “ And showmen wi’ nice penny-shows o’ their backs,
 “ Gawn the fuils and the flats i’ Newcassel te diddle.
 “ Then wor capital air flays deeth frae wor borders,²¹
 “ And physie’s quite useless the doctor suin lairns ;
 “ For it cures a’ complaints, even narvish disorders,
 “ And myeks us quite fainish for rearin’ young bairns.²²
 “ What’s the use o’ their wells, wi’ their rotten-egg smells,
 “ Where greet folks oft gan te mend lungs and liver ?
 “ Let them come te wor Fells, where they’ll suin, sound as bells,
 “ And good as bran new uns, leeve on myest for iver.”

The story thus ended, they gave him three cheers,
 With every success to the road this direction,
 And a promise the first time the guard’s horn he hears,²³
 They’d certainly oil his wig to perfection.

Then, my Lord,²⁴ give ’s your hand, and say you’ll agree,
 Nor longer our canny commissioners bother :
 Only think for yourself, and I know you’ll soon see
 The road through the fields bangs by far any other.

NOTES.

¹ The number of corves each hewer sends up in a day.

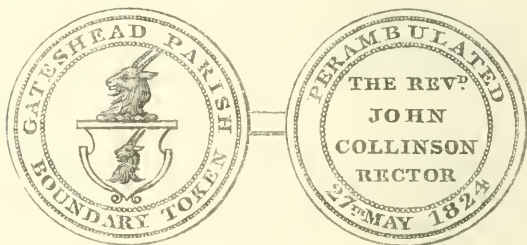
² "Sheriff Hill House, which has since been built by MATTHEW PLUMMER, Esq., of Newcastle."—*Sykes*.

³ The new branch of the turnpike road from Tyne Bridge to Durham, in order to avoid the Long Bank, was commenced December the 6th, 1824.

⁴ "Prior to the year 1745, the great post-road came down the Back Lane (now Mirk Place), and entered Gateshead by the Half Moon Lane, or Miller's Chare."—*Sykes*.

⁵ "This village, which bounds the parish of Gateshead on the south, has recently risen into some popularity, by the establishment of a hiring for servants, which takes place on the second Monday in April, and the first Monday in November, in each year. The first hiring was held on the 15th of April, 1822.—On the 27th of May, 1824, when the Rev. JOHN COLLINSON, A.M., Rector of Gateshead, the Four-and-Twenty, and a number of other gentlemen, perambulated the boundaries of Gateshead parish (which had not been performed for 32 years before), refreshments were provided for them at this village, where the company joined the ladies in the festive dance."—*Sykes*.

In connection with the perambulation, a number of copper medals, or "boundary tokens," were distributed, of which the following is a representation :—



⁶ Advocates for the different lines of alteration.

⁷ A most lamentable proof of the "wanderings of the human intellect," and one more instance of the absurdities men run into, when they choose to abandon reason and common sense. The following resolutions were picked up in Gateshead, on one of the days appointed for a meeting of the Commissioners of the Durham Road, and were, it is supposed, meant to be moved by an Old Liner, and to operate as an extinguisher of the new project. It is conjectured they had been lost previous to the meeting, as they were never brought forward. They are curious merely as showing what strange opinions on road-making were afloat at this time, notwithstanding McADAM's new light on that subject.

"Resolved,—That both horses and asses travel with more speed, and greater ease, up a hill, than upon level ground.

"Resolved,—That the steeper the hill, the more suitable it is for the line of a public road.

"Resolved,—That the chord of an arc is longer than the arc itself, and that, therefore, a road passing over a steep hill must be much shorter than the one running along the flat at its base.

"Resolved, lastly,—That the present line of road, from Newcastle to Chester-le-Street, is the best possible, from its passing over one of the highest hills in the vicinity, being nearly eighty fathoms above the level of the river Tyne."

⁸ "Potticar Lonnen (Lane) branches to the west from the main street of Gateshead, a little above the Sunderland road end."—*Sykes*.

⁹ The cottage a few yards south of the toll-bar, which was always considered half-way to Newcastle from the Low Fell, and called "The Half-Way House."

¹⁰ This is a piece of local tradition, very current in the neighbourhood; and its truth so firmly believed, that very few pass this place late at night,

"Who glower not round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch them unawares."

¹¹ "Here it is only necessary to say, that instead of going by the Meeting, the road passes over its site, as the Meeting-House is now pulled down for that purpose."—*Sykes*.

¹² A noted place for gamblers some forty years ago. The pit-lads were then in the habit of meeting here every Sunday morning, when the weather was fine, and spending the day in shake-cap, marbles, trippet-and-coit, and other games. But this has happily been discontinued for many years. We are much indebted for this reform in our morals to the Methodists and Sunday Schools.

¹³ A famous spring, taking its rise in an old pit, and issuing from a hill-side on the Low Fell. It affords the inhabitants a healthy, sober beverage, free from the pernicious effects produced by the rot-gut stuff, often drunk under the name of ale. Of course I except home-brewed and fine old eightpenny.

¹⁴ A few very old houses, whose inmates have been generally long-lived and respectable members of the Methodist Connexion.

¹⁵ WILKIN'S Well, which produces excellent water for making tea, and on that account is brought from a great distance.

¹⁶ Close to Leyburn Hole, a very lonely glen at the foot of the Long Bank, formerly much infested by thieves, who used to rush out upon the unwary traveller, and commit all kinds of depredations. Tradition even goes so far as to say murders have been committed here. However, since the present houses were built, all crimes of this nature have ceased.

¹⁷ About half-a mile north of the Long Bank, is a public house (at present kept by ISABELLA STEPHENSON) which has long been known by the name of "RED ROBIN'S." On its sign-board is a picture of the house, with the following lines underneath, as an invitation to travellers:—

"RED ROBIN lives here,

"Sells good ale and beer :

"Pass ye east or pass ye west,

"If ye pass here ye pass the best."

ROBIN ROGERSON was the first "RED ROBIN." His son PHILIP bore the same title. MARGARET STEPHENSON, the daughter of PHILIP, continued the house after her father's death, under the name of "RED PEGGY;" and her daughter, ISABELLA STEPHENSON, the present conductress of the establishment, is best known as "RED BELLA." It is said that this *sobriquet* was conferred upon the father of this red race in consequence of the great value he set upon a favourite red cock (a game cock); but he must have been indebted for his title to something besides the cock, otherwise he might with more propriety have been called "COCK ROBIN" than "RED ROBIN." PHILIP was so fond of his favourite colour, that he once appeared at Lamesley church completely dressed in red, even to the very hat and shoes; and his successors have shown so steady an adherence to the hereditary partiality of the family, as to have prefixed to their names the distinguishing title of "red."

¹⁸ "The country, when viewed from the top of Gateshead Fell, exhibits the highest scene of cultivation that ever I beheld."—*Smollett's Humphrey Clinker*.

¹⁹ From Mr. PLUMMER's residence you have one of the finest and most extensive views in the north of England. It takes in the whole line of the Tyne, and the beautiful vale of Ravensworth, and has a commanding prospect of the ocean to the north and east.

²⁰ "This very ancient castle, the seat of Lord RAVENSWORTH, was pulled down; and in the year 1808, a new one was commenced building, on a beautiful Gothic plan, by NASH. Two of the old towers are retained in the new building."—*Sykes*.

²¹ As a proof of the salubrity of the air on Gateshead Fell, it is only necessary to adduce the following instances of remarkable longevity:—

"January 13th, 1750, died at White House, on Gateshead Fell, aged 105, Mr. EDWARD COLVIL, father to the Countess of TANKERVILLE.

"October 20th, 1778, died at Gateshead Low Fell, MARGARET FENWICK, aged 111. She enjoyed an almost uninterrupted state of good

health until within a few days of her death, and retained her faculties to the last. A few years before her death, she entertained, on new year's day, at her own house, 107 of her descendants, consisting of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. She was also actuated with a peculiar humour at every return of her birthday—which was, to add to her stock a new pewter spoon—so that, at her death, she had as many spoons as she was years of age.

“June, 1796, died, at the Blue Quarries, on Gateshead Fell, DOROTHY ATKINSON, aged 109. She possessed her faculties until her death.

“January 12th, 1816, died at the Windy Nook, on Gateshead Fell, MARY HENDERSON, aged 100 years.”—*Sykes*.

At the present day there are many living instances of protracted existence.

²² The following notice of SARAH DICKENSON's death, the daughter of SARAH FENWICK, appeared in the *Gateshead Observer*, Sept. 4th, 1841:—At Villa-place, Newcastle, on the 19th ult., SARAH DICKENSON, aged 88. She was born on Gateshead Low Fell, where she lived till within a very few years of her death. Her mother (SARAH FENWICK) and herself were “doctresses” there for nearly one hundred years; and during that time they nursed upwards of one hundred children, principally from Newcastle. They frequently nursed both the mothers and their children. SARAH FENWICK died upwards of 90 years of age; and her daughter, DOROTHY WILSON, died about two years ago in Gateshead, at a very advanced age also. They were all respectable in their several situations of life; and Mrs. FENWICK and her daughter SARAH rendered great benefits to a poor, laborious population, for many miles around them.

²³ The mail to London passed along the line, the first time, in the evening of the 17th of June, 1826.

²⁴ The Right Honourable Lord RAVENSWORTH, who, it seems, was at one time inimical to the projected improvement.

THE OILING OF DICKY'S WIG.

THE OILING OF DICKY'S WIG.

How 'way DICKY, how 'way hinny,
There's the tootin' o' the horn :¹
If it cost a gowldin ginney,
Thou's be soak'd wi' barley corn.

We'll hev a royal booze te-day ;
And iv'ry true Law-Feller
Will moisten weel his dronthy clay,
Frae WILLY ALMOND's² cellar.

And if there's ony left that sees
When WILLY's tap runs thinnish,
Let them be powl'd off at the Keys,
Or at the Black Horse³ finish.

For where's the man desarves the nyem,
Winnet push about the jorum,
And, fairly mill'd, gan dancin' hyem
The reel o' Tullygorum.

Come, then, me boy, thy wig prepare,
Te get its promis'd oilin' ;
Till, roun' and roun', its lanky hair
Like WATTY's tail is coilin' !

This day puts mettle i' wor heels,
Sets iv'ry pipe a singin':
Wor varry hills yeckey the peels,
Ower a' the Law Fell ringin'.

And had we wor pit-heaps te-day,
And a' the cuddies te them,
And a' the Faws, wi' FLUCKER HAY,
That went stravaigin wi' them⁴—

They'd gi'en a "gaudy day" te care
Te see this change surprisin',
Wor calf-yard, yence thowt poor and bare,
Te wealth and honour risin'.

Wor cuddy-band, o' by-gyen days,
Te Law Fell lugs se cheerin',
Wad on this day, in weel-set brays,
Ha'e gi'en their pipes a clearin'.

They wad ha'e fared o' thistle tops,
The varry sweetest growin',
For hay but seldom bliss'd their chops,
Unless it had been stowen.

Their maisters te, as dry as chips,
And a'ways fit te gizen,
Wad ha'e run gallons through their lips,
Their drouth was se surprisin'.

Wor canny hooses duffit-theek'd⁵—
Wor canny wives within 'em—
Wor canny bairns se chubby-cheek'd
(And sweet and clean ye'll fin' 'em)—

Are a' deck'd out i' Sunday trim,
Te mense this greet occasion,
Which o' the wheel-o'-fortun's rim,
Gi'es us se prood a station.

By this time we had reech'd the Buck,⁶
The grave o' serious thinkin',
Where we fand mony a hearty chuck,
Set in for sappy drinkin'.

The skuils are shut—the gabblin' fry
A' skelp about at pleasur—
Their maisters, kizzen'd up wi' *dry*,
Are now at *liquid* measur.

The blacksmith's hammer, yark for yark,
We hear ne langer bangin':
He's busy puttin' out a spark—
A job he finds a lang un.

The tyelyers cabbish nyen te-day—
A' tiv a man designin'
Te strengthen weel their *outer* clay
Wi' WILLY's *inner* linin'.

And here come, tee, the lads o' wax,
Rattlin' like empty blethers:
They've left their kits, resolved te rax
Te-day their upper-leathers.

The joiners, a' pined in wi' drouth,
Shrunk up te spelks, and doozen'd,
Ha'e sworn o' yel te ha'e their fouth,
And be completely rosin'd.

Amang them some yens aw could nyem,
For tippie just the taty,
That oft their chalk-lines leave at hyem,
Te scratch a few wi' KATY.⁷

But nyen the myessen cheps can bang,
For suckshen a'ways glymin' :
A brewin' dizn't haud them lang—
A barrel's but a prinuin.⁸

The landlords' cocks o' Gyetshed Fell
Will this day be kept runnin' ;
And as we sit and swig wor yel,
We'll cheer the cheps frae Lunnen.

Then drink, me boy, for weel we knaw
Thy jaw wags nyen without it ;
And tyek the road, and tell us a'
The outs and ins about it.

The call was instantly obey'd,
And DICKY set a waggin'
A tongue that barleycorn, it's said,
Prevents frae iver laggin'.

“ Eh, lads, but it's a bonny way,
“ But what myest pleas'd wor NANNY,
“ Was seein' fogies, awd and grey,
“ Paid just for keepin' t canny.

“ It's easy, airy, broad, and dry,
“ The paradise o' horses :
“ They bliss ye now as they gan by—
“ Before, ye had their curses.

“The gaird comes fleein’ like the wind—

“His blasts like thunner blawin’ :

“The horses cock their lugs te find

“They’re duin wi’ lang-bank drawin’.⁹

“It’s form’d on MACKAY’S¹⁰ newest cut,

“And myed te suit a’ humours :

“A road for horse—a road for foot—

“And yen for a’ the bummers.

“Its famish views ower hill and dale,

“And up wor bonny river,

“Where a’ the keels and whurries sail,

“Will matchless be for iver.

“Here wafflers need nut mind their steps—

“It’s a’ the way se level,

“The varry thing for muzzy cheps,

“As lyet frae toon they stevil.

“Of a’ the roads it beers the bell,

“ (But whe owt else expected ?)

“Brings out the beauties o’ the Fell,

“Se mony years neglected.

“It borders close on Paradise—

“Nut ADAM’S early college ;

“For tho’ we’ve trees and fruit as nice,

“We want the tree o’ knowledge.

“The jay-legg’d bodies frae the toon,

“Ha’e lang keek’d through their glasses

“At us, but could see nowt a’ roun’

“But bastard bairns¹¹ and asses.

“ The rogues knew weel they war their awn,
 “ (But this durst nut be hinted),

“ And war, for fear their tricks gat blawn,
 “ Upon wor common stinted.

“ It stans for nowt, then, i' their creed,
 “ That brag o' birth and kelter,

“ The nyek'd te eled, the hungry feed,
 “ And gi'e the hooseless shelter.

“ Sie was the compensation whilk
 “ We'd frae these thowtless noddies,

“ For findin' air and asses' milk
 “ Te mend their crazv bodies.

“ 'Tis true they might ha'e travell'd lang
 “ T'iv seen a flunkey's tassel ;

“ Yit we had things they cudn't bang
 “ In a' their fine Neweassel.

“ They bragg'd o' banks byeth awd and good,
 “ And bankers a' se cliver,

“ But wors ha'e stood sin NOAH'S flood,
 “ And will stan' good for iver.¹²

“ A banker's nut amang wor ills—
 “ No—gruntin' ungenteely ;

“ For whether lang or short wor bills,
 “ The notes come a'ways freely.

“ Theirs often myek a forgin' tyel,
 “ Though stamp't and finely written ;

“ Whiles wors, awd Natur stamps hersel,
 “ Ayont a' ecounterfittin'.

- “ Theirs pass awhile, then pass away,
“ Which myeks wor case the stranger ;
“ For wors pass current till the day
“ When time shall be ne langer.
- “ Upon their VICAR's Pant they dwell—
“ A varry muddy maiter,
“ Compared wi' canny CAIRTER's Well,¹³
“ Se famed for drinkin' waiter.
- “ But if they jaw till grey they grow,
“ Iv a' their pithless lingo,
“ 'Tis but comparin' *treacle-wow*
“ Wi' WILLY ALMOND's stingo.
- “ And he mun be a sackless dog,
“ Far warse than ony dandy,
“ That dizn't drink it iv his grog,
“ By way of syevin' brandy.
- “ I' sense they liken'd huz te culls—
“ I' manners tiv a boby ;
“ Yit oft we've had wor dancin' skuils,
“ And sometimes 'Punch and Toby.'
- “ We've oft had, tec, the moontebanks,
“ On pay-neets :—Lord, how funny
“ The Murry-Andrew was !—his pranks
“ Suin eas'd us o' wor money.
- “ It's thrimmel'd frae the pocket neuk ;
“ And then wi' jaw se cunnin',
“ He wheedled huz te try wor luck,
“ For fine things new frae Lunnen.

- “ And tho’ unlarn’d, and bare wor claes,
“ As far as history teaches,
“ We niver i’ wor darkest days
“ Hung up awd wives for witches.¹⁴
- “ We ve led the Fashions, if we can
“ Believe what’s oft reported,
“ That awd WILL COMMON¹⁵ was the man
“ That furst a *spencer* sported.
- “ Here’s just by Natur what we war,
“ When frae her hand she flang us;
“ And now aw’ll tell ye what we are,
“ Sin greet folks cam amang us.
- “ We’ve lang wor meetin’-hooses¹⁶ had,
“ For a’ kinds o’ believin’;
“ Now we’ve a chorch¹⁷ te mend the bad,
“ And help them up te Heeven.
- “ And that wor steeple stands abuin,
“ St. Nicholas’, whe can doot it,
“ That knaws the chep upon the muin
“ Is forced te gan aboot it?
- “ Here all wor bairns may kirsten’d be—
“ Wor lads and lasses married;
“ And when at last we droop and dee,
“ Here we may a’ be barried.
- “ We now raise grapes upon wor Fell,
“ As weel as pines and peaches,
“ That Ravensworth cannut excel
“ Se far as flavour reeches.

- “ We’ve peacocks, tee, wi’ bonny tails,
“ About wor barn-doors feedin’,
“ As weel as sheep that crop wor vales,
“ The crack o’ fancy-breedin’.
- “ Wor varry varment, bliss yor heart,
“ If other proof war wantin’,
“ Wor greetness shows, without the airt
“ That some folks hev o’ vantin’.
- “ For we breed mice within wor bouns,
“ White as the fyece of minny,
“ Which lazy loons about the toons
“ Let culls keek at for money.
- “ But what delights wor drouthy set,
“ For fear drink should be wanted,
“ The Magistrates, last time they met,
“ Te four mair, license granted.
- “ Se now sud they nut board the Ship,
“ Nor charge weel at the Cannon,
“ Let them nut past the Engine slip,
“ Beside wor College^{is} stannin’.
- “ But there get up sufficient steam,
“ To reech the Sov’reign cheerly,
“ Where they may quaff the royal stream,
“ As lang as they *see* clearly.
- “ Here oft wor drouthy lads will meet,
“ And sit till they be fuddled ;
“ And then the Well’s the place at neet,
“ For lasses gettin’ cuddled.

“ Yit still some odds and ends we need,

“ To put us a' iv fettle :

“ Wor wives wad like a bit het breed,

“ Just when they boil their kettle.

“ We want a chep te trim wor locks,

“ And help us wi' wor shavin' ;

“ Also a pair o' parish-stocks,

“ For a' the misbehavin'.

“ We want the gas when muinny's gyen,

“ Folks far away te leeten :

“ A parish clock, that iv'ry yen

“ May mark how fast time's fleetin'.

“ We want a scribe, to myek wor wills

“ Afore we end life's journey,

“ Te syev us frae the warst of ills—

“ The lawyer and attorney.

“ He sud know some few points o' law—

“ How notices are written

“ For muzzlin' dogs, byeth greet and sma',

“ As weel as tenants quittin'.

“ He sud read iv'ry kind o' hand,

“ And write a' kinds o' letters—

“ Cast-up wor bits o' taty land,

“ And touch-up lazy debtors.¹⁹

“ Just yen word mair, te wor greet men,

“ Whese fame wad shine far brighter,

“ If they wad, when at roads agyen,

“ Myek them a wee thowt streighter.

"Aw dinnet mean by this te fling
 "O' them the least reflection :
 "It's on'y stamp'd an earthly thing,
 "By this small imperfection.

 "Then let's, my lads, afore we gan,
 "A bumper freely gi'e them—
 "Wi' three times three frae iv'ry man
 "For health and lang life te them.

 "And may a' good gan wi' them a',
 "As lang as they are leevin',
 "And when they're duin wi' roads below,
 "May they fin' *that* te Heeven."

Here DICKY's tongue wad de ne mair,
 His *wig* was *oil'd* completely ;
 And iv'ry *drouthy* crony there
 Was dish'd and duin up neatly.

NOTES.

- ¹ "The story thus ended, they gave him three cheers,
 "With every success to the road this direction,
 "And a promise the first time the guard's horn he hears,
 "They'd certainly oil his wig to perfection."
 See "STANZAS," page 71.

- ² The landlord of the Buck public house.

³ Two public houses on the Low Fell.

⁴ Previous to the division of the Common, the Low Fell was literally covered with pit and quarry heaps, and barely afforded a scanty pit-tance to tinkers' and muggers' cuddies. Since then, however, they have all disappeared, and now scarcely a trace remains to mark their existence. "WILLY TRUMMEL" (TURNBULL), who was a kind of halter-for-halter chap at fairs, had sometimes a few sheep upon it, or a curious coloured yad; for when the natural colour did not please him, he has been known to paint him: and once, it is said, he actually had a blue pony!

FLUCKER HAY, too, was located on the Common for many years. He was an itinerant tinker:—of course a man of metal. He had been once thought a fit subject for the army, as it was currently reported that he had cut off one of his thumbs to effect his discharge from the service. That he had lost a thumb was certain, but whether the right or left is not so clear; but the probability is, that it was the former. FLUCKER'S rambles with his budget were seldom at such a distance as to prevent his return in the evenings to his domestic circle. But his endeavours were not entirely confined to what he earned by honest labour; for when trade was slack, and there were neither "pots, pans, nor candlesticks to mend," he was obliged to look uncommonly gleg after the out-door moveables of his neighbours, upon which he did not hesitate to commit awful depredations, when time and circumstances suited. Experience, however, soon taught them to keep such articles within doors; and when this branch of revenue was cut off, he was obliged to look around him for fresh resources to replenish an exhausted exchequer.

The Common being divided into very small allotments, every proprietor took unusual pains to turn his share to the best advantage; and so far have they succeeded, although at an immense expense, that the land that was formerly of little or no value, is now worth about one hundred pounds an acre; and since the commencement of the new line of road as high as 4s. per square yard has been given for building-sites, in its immediate vicinity.

The Act for dividing the Common was passed in the year 1809;

and JOHN BELL, JOHN FRYER, and MATTHEW WHEATLEY were named Commissioners. JOHN FRYER refusing to act, JOSEPH GRANGER, of Durham, was appointed in his place. They rode the boundaries of the Common on the 28th August, 1809; and soon after, 200 claims of Right of Common were received; out of which, after considerable litigation, 155 were allowed to the parties following:—

129 to owners of ancient burgages in Gateshead;

17 to Freemen; and

9 to owners of adjoining freehold estates.

The Act directs the Commissioners, after setting out the public and private roads, quarries, wells, and watering-places, to set apart a plot of ground, not exceeding one acre, as a churchyard or cemetery; as also one-sixteenth part of the residue to the Bishop of Durham and his successors; one other sixteenth part to the Boroughholders and Freemen of Gateshead; and then to divide all the residue (saving and excepting a part thereof, staked out for the purpose of making two waggon-ways,) amongst the several persons having Right of Common on the said Fell, in proportion to the annual value thereof. At this time there were 430 cottages on the High and Low Fell, many of them of the most miserable description; but almost the whole had gardens attached to them, taken from the Common. Thirty years ago, the place was a common receptacle for all kinds of vagrants, called "Faws;" for here they could rent a cottage for a mere trifle, and the Fell afforded them a cheap and ready outlet for their cattle. The owners of horses and cows stinted on the Common, and the proprietors of cottages and gardens, paid the following sums per annum, called out-rents:—

For each horse,	5s. 0d.
———— cow,	3s. 6d.
———— cottage,	2s. 0d.
———— garden or garth,	2s. 0d.

These sums were divided betwixt the Lord of the Manor (CUTHBERT ELLISON, Esq.,) and the Borough of Gateshead. The gentlemen acting for the Borough were called Grassmen, and, with Mr. ELLISON's Steward, were in the frequent habit of making a survey, to ascertain what encroachments had been made since their last visit,

as it was no unusual thing for them to find several garths not only considerably increased in size from the Common, but many new ones enclosed, as well as cottages built in various places. Then the poor people who had made these encroachments were threatened with their being pulled down, but this seldom or ever took place. The owners were only made to pay the usual out rents for them.

The Commissioners were empowered by the Act to order as many of these cottages to be pulled down as were prejudicial to the division, and the materials removed—and those that were not so, to be sold, and the monies arising from such sales to be applied to the purposes of the division. In the months of June and July, 1811, they ordered 90 cottages or other buildings to be removed, (51 on the Low Fell and 39 on the High Fell,) and offered the remaining 340 for sale to the parties claiming to be interested therein. Only one person refused to purchase at the price affixed by the Commissioners—and this property was soon afterwards sold by auction. The allotments were staked out in 1812.

JOSEPH GRANGER died on the 13th of June, 1815; and at a meeting of the Boroughholders and Freemen, held on the 21st of July, 1815, THOMAS BELL, of Newcastle, was appointed his successor. On the 12th of January, 1816, JOHN BELL, another of the Commissioners, died; and WILLIAM TODD, of Stokefield Hall, was appointed to succeed him.

The Commissioners made their award on the 26th of December, 1822, the same being signed by WILLIAM TODD, THOMAS BELL, and MATTHEW WHEATLEY. The draft of this award filled upwards of 30 quires of paper, and the engrossed copy 198 skins of parchment, closely written. The plans are on five large skins of vellum.

Gateshead Fell is declared, by this award, to contain 631A. 0R. 21P., exclusive of all public and private roads, ways, paths, passages, or conveniences, common quarries, and watering places or wells, set out in pursuance of the direction of the said Act.

The allotments contained 595A. 1R. 19P.; and the cottages and garths, sold by the Commissioners, 35A. 3R. 2P.; making together 631A. 0R. 21P. The expenses of the award were £8,006 5s. 4d., and were raised as follows, viz.:—

Received for the sale of cottages, &c.	£4,706	14	5
Rates on the owners of allotments	3,299	10	11
	<hr/>		
	£8,006	5	4

The manorial rights were expressly reserved to the Lord of the Manor; and his lessee was not to be liable to make any satisfaction for damage occasioned by the working of the coal-mines during the term of twenty years after the passing of the Act.

⁵ The sward pared off the Common.

⁶ When old GEORGE PATTERSON kept this house, some forty years ago, it was frequently the scene of much mirth and fun. A select few from Newcastle and the neighbourhood used occasionally to meet here, in the little back-room, to drive away care, and discuss the topics of the day. They termed themselves "Eccentrics," and a more appropriate name for some of them could not have been hit upon. Time, however, that spares nothing, has scattered them far and wide. A remnant, it is true, still linger near the place; but with the greater part all communication has long since ceased. Some of them are dead, and some in distant lands.

⁷ The landlady of the Buck, WILLY's better half.

⁸ Though this may not be literally true, we have had some individuals of this craft that have continued drinking for several weeks together.

⁹ The hill over which the old line passed.

¹⁰ Mr. M'ADAM, who had the making of the New Line, which is formed into three parts—the carriage-road, the horse road, and the footpath.

¹¹ More illegitimate children from Newcastle were reared on the Fell than in any of the villages in the vicinity of that town.

¹² “Lang Bank, Sodhouse Bank, Saltwell Bank, and Harley Green Bank.” These are all “awd Banks,” and have been drawn upon, “lang and sair,” for ages past; and although they have had frequent “runs” upon them, they have always come out of such trials unscathed.

¹³ This spring rises out of the workings of an old coal-pit close by, and the supply of water originally was very small; but when the Sheriff Hill Colliery commenced, upwards of eighty years ago, a drift was made into these workings, to obtain water for the use of the colliery-engine; and since then it has been very abundant.

¹⁴ Here DICK has missed an excellent opportunity of placing on record our great superiority to the Newcastle folks in the treatment of witches; for although we *bred* them, we did not *hang* them. Our witches were allowed full liberty to go where they pleased—in what shape they pleased—and in what way was most agreeable to themselves; either to scud over our hills in the shape of a *hare*, or whisk through the air on a *broomstick*; whereas (as stated in Gardner’s *England’s Grievance*, at page 114), in the years 1649 and 1650, the Magistrates of Newcastle sent to Scotland for a witch-finder, who practised the *humane* art of discovering witches by thrusting pins into their bodies. By this test fifteen poor innocent women were condemned by a Newcastle jury of burgesses, and executed for the crime of witchcraft. The name of the wretch is not given, but he was engaged by THOMAS SHEVIL and CUTHBERT NICHOLSON, sergeants of Newcastle, and was “to have twenty shillings a-piece for all he could condemn as witches, and free passage thither and back again.” A notable scheme, truly, for finding witches. This fellow was at length seized, tried, and executed in Scotland, for these abominable murders, and at the gallows confessed he had been the death of above two hundred and twenty women in England and Scotland, for the gain of twenty shillings a piece. Such was the boasted wisdom of our ancestors!

The highly-gifted race of “witches” seems rapidly tending towards extinction. There are here and there yet to be seen the remains of

their weak and degenerate descendants, but in such a feeble and feckless state as hardly to deserve the name. I have known one of these poor creatures, many years ago, whose power never extended further than raising a wind to blow off the roof of her neighbour's cottage, or shake his standing corn. I am aware that she was accused of more serious mischiefs; but how far these ill-natured accusations were true, is very difficult to say, for I could never discern anything about MABEL that would warrant them, for she was neither deformed nor ugly (two indispensable requisites towards forming a legitimate witch), nor did I ever recognize her frisking about in any other shape than her own. In some other respects, however, she was rather a singular woman. She had a memory that retained the date of every event that had taken place for some miles round the place where she lived. She could give you the day and hour of all the births and deaths in the neighbourhood during her time. She knew exactly who "came again," as she called it, after suffering violent deaths, either in the coal-pits or elsewhere—what shape they were in, (for they did not always appear in their own)—and what they said when they could be prevailed upon to speak—what it was that brought them back—and how long it was before the priest, or some such competent person, got them laid at rest in their graves. All the haunted houses or places she had off by rote, and could have given you the names of all the "uncanny folk," or such as had "bad een," and had amused themselves by plaguing their credulous neighbours.

Poor MABEL has been dead more than thirty years. She was in the habit of amusing her young auditors with the birth and parentage of "DICK THE DEEVIL," who frequently rode over the Black Fell to his work, upon the "PORTO BELLO BRAG," a kind of wicked sprite that was well known in that part of the neighbourhood. The description of the "PELTON BRAG," given by SIR CUTHBERT SHARP in his "*Bishoprick Garland*," induces me to believe that it must have been the same roguish sprite that played such tricks at Porto Bello. As the places are only a very few miles distant, it is possible that he might extend the sphere of his antics to the latter place, when he was not particularly busy at home. If they were not the same, they were evidently, from the similarity of their habits, from one common stock.

It delighted in mischief; and whoever mounted it (for it always appeared in the shape of an ass), were sure to be thrown into some bog or whin-bush at parting; when the creature, as if enjoying the mischief, would run off, "nickerin' and laughin'," as DICK would say. He had put the assmanship of many to the test, but none were able to sit him, whenever he had arrived at a suitable place for depositing his load—not even DICK, who was become a favourite, and who, in the end, was the only one who had spirit enough to cross him. DICK, however, from long practice, had a pretty good idea whereabouts he would be laid; and from being on his guard, very seldom received any injury. The case was often very different with others, who had not his precaution, or were not such favourites as DICK, who was generally accommodated with a soft fall. All this, it must be admitted, is very tame and spiritless, compared with the wonderful accounts handed down to us from the olden times, of the awful power and activity of witches. They seemed then to have been able to annihilate both time and space. We talk now, and boast of our rapidity of motion by gas or steam, but what comparison will the quickest of our modern movements bear, to that of a witch mounted on a broomstick? Besides, there is no time lost in the preparatory process. Instead of puffing and blowing boilers and bags full of *steam* or *gas*, the witch lays her leg over a broomstick, and darts through the air like lightning. Look, too, at the beautiful simplicity of her apparatus, compared with the complex gimcranks of the other.

¹⁵ WILL, no doubt, wore a lapless coat over another, for several years previous to this article of dress getting the name of "spencer," and becoming fashionable amongst the higher classes of society. But whether the invention was stolen from WILL, or there were two inventors of this useful garment, will be difficult to determine at this distance of time. WILL being of a perambulating disposition, and making no secret of his invention, would be much exposed to the depredations of such as live upon the merit and ingenuity of others; yet it must be admitted that he was a very shy hand at work, and was always sorely afflicted with drouth, so that he would often go great lengths in the way of sacrifice for a "drop of drink," when his finances

were low. It is therefore not improbable that he may have sold his right for a pot of beer, when both he and his exchequer were dry.

¹⁶ The Wesleyan Chapel in this place was erected by WILLIAM BELL. He and his wife JANE made their money here as bakers. They had only one child, who died young. This, it was thought, gave them a religious turn, and brought them in connexion with WESLEY in the early part of his career, at which time this erection was made. At their death, they left it to the Wesleyan Connexion, who have performed service in it to this day. During their lives they entertained gratuitously all the preachers sent hither on duty, both itinerant and local. WILLIAM BELL died on the 1st of January, and Jane his wife on the 10th of February, 1784. An excellent Sunday-school, which was established in January, 1789, is attached to this chapel, and is one of the earliest of these highly-useful institutions. Above one hundred children are taught here by the hard-working, industrious men connected with the chapel. Their labours for many years have been unremitting, and productive of immense good to the population of this neighbourhood.

¹⁷ This church was consecrated by the Hon. EDWARD LEGGE, D.D., Bishop of Oxford, on the 30th of August, 1825. There were 1,200 people present. 1,000 tickets of admission were distributed, and many were admitted without them.

¹⁸ This is a cottage standing a little south of CARTER'S Well, betwixt the London road and the "Engine" public house. The late Mr. SAMUEL BARRASS taught a school here for nearly thirty years, in which the young men of Gateshead Fell, during that period, were all educated.

¹⁹ The late Mr. BARRASS was consulted on all these points. He made the wills of such of his neighbours as had anything to bequeath—read the correspondence of such as could neither read nor write—and concocted the replies. Like most of those who write letters for others, he was frequently told, after reading the letter received,

and asking what he was to say in reply, "Why, you see what they say, and you must know better than us what the answer should be." He was frequently consulted on knotty legal points, and was always called in when the measurement of piece-work in the quarries, or of any portions of land, was wanted. The following notice of Mr. BARRASS appeared in the *Tyne Mercury* at the time of his death:—
"At Gateshead Fell, on Tuesday, August 3, 1830, Mr. SAMUEL BARRASS, in his 80th year, after a long and painful illness. The greater part of his long life was spent in the arduous but useful employment of teaching, in which he was very successful. As a self-taught man, his scientific and literary attainments were highly respectable. His society was much courted by those who knew him; for to his general information was added a fund of humour and anecdote, which rendered him a pleasing and instructive companion. He was the senior member of the Schoolmasters' Association of this town, with which he had been connected for upwards of 40 years."

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE OPENING OF THE NEWCASTLE AND CARLISLE RAILWAY,

JUNE 18TH, 1838.

LASS! lay me out maw Sunday claes,
Te-morn's te be the day o' days,
 The railroad's gaun te oppen;
And aw'll be there amang the rest,
Buss'd as aw was iv a' maw best,
 At the last Westgate Hoppin'.¹

The maister-men will a' be there,
Wi' him that a'ways fills the chair,
 Aw think they call him PLUMMER;²
And a' the cheps that fand the brass,
That browt this greet event te pass,
 Then in much better humour.

For oft they've been i' plaguy tifts,
And put the D'rectors te their shifts,
 Te please, but yit te foil'em.
They strok'd them canny wi' the hair,
Skipp'd a' the spots consider'd sair,
 Exceptin' just te oil 'em.³

The Corporations on the line,
As weel on Eden as on Tyne,
Will mense this greet occasion,
In sendin' Mayors and Aldermen :—
But then the hats and goons are gyen,
That mark'd them men o' station.

Ye'll see them now like other folks,
In things like bedgoons, peas, or cloaks,⁴
The fashion's queer formations ;
But mony things as weel as claes
Are sadly alter'd nowadays,
About wor Corporations.

Aw've just heerd a' this i' the toon,
Where nowt else now, aw think, gans doon,
But this greet undertakin' ;
Which will bring grist te mony a mill,
And cheaper far wor bellies fill
Wi' taties and wi' bacon.

And there'll be fine fresh eggs, they say,
Which i' the west they bigger lay
Then what we get frae SWINNEY's ;
Wi' blethers full o' Mistress WHITE,⁵
And butter, saut and fresh, full weight,
The things for singin' hinnies.

But there's ne knawin' a' the good
We'll get frae cheap and better food—
And pleasant trips i' summer,
Te Staincheybank and Hexham fairs,
Where there's galore o' temptin' wares,
Te myek the pocket tyummer.

Aw'll tell thou mair when aw come back,
For then we'll hev a sappy crack,

'Boot a' aw've heerd and seen
Upon this vage te foreign pairts,
Where few but cadgers wi' their cairts
Till *now* hev iver been.

* * * * *

Now, hinny, here aw's back agyen ;
Thou'll think, aw's flaid, maw time aw've tyen,

Aw've been se lang i' comin' ;
But when twee sic awd standards meet,
The pain o' pairtin's varry greet,
Thou knows, maw bonny woman.

We left the Heugh⁶ i' gallant style,
And shot away for awd Carlisle,
Sung seated i' the *Queen*,⁷
Amang the swarms wor canny toon,
And Gyetshed, planted up and doon,
Te see se rare a scene.

Te tell thou a' aw've noticed there,
O' dashin' blades and ladies fair,
And lots o' bonny lasses,
Wi' gentlemen of iv'ry grade,
And sons o' toil of iv'ry trade,
Maw power o' tongue surpasses.

Wi' murth and fun the country rung,
The lairks and linties roun' us sung ;
And when the day was sunny,
The scenery rich and richer grew,
Until we seem'd just glidin' through
A land o' milk and honey.

We suin recch'd Gilsland's famish wells,
 Which, when a lung or liver fyels,
 Or other ailin' maiters
 Myek sick folk flee frae doctors' pills,
 Te souk health frae the heather hills,
 Or draw it frae the waiters.

It 'minded me o' BOBBY's sang,
 About the Dutchman bool'd alang
 Upon a gimerank leg,
 That let him nowther stop nor stay,
 But whisk'd him on byeth neet an' day,
 As hard as it could peg.

Could but the folks of awd lang syne
 Luik out upon this bonny line,
 And see what we are deein',
 They could, aw think, compare't wi' nowse
 But CLOOTIE's gang, a' brocken lowse,
 And frae his clutches fleein'.

Some gan te mend a crazy frame :
 Te mend their fortunes, others aim,
 By tryin' te recruit 'em
 Amang the monied maidens fair,
 That gan te pick up husbands there,
 Wi' a' their een about 'em.

'Twas hereabouts, in days o' yore,
 Awd LIZZY^s leev'd, whe could restore
 Goods owther stray'd or stowen—
 Could tell the wearyin' lasses when
 They might expect te get good-men,
 Though hope was a' but flowen.

They say there's yen that fills her place,
That niver fyels, whate'er the case,
Te equal honest LIZZY ;
And sin' the trains began te run,
Her trade's se brisk, that, lyet and suin,
They keep her a'ways bizzzy.

When we war just ayont the Gut,⁹
Aw let maw pipe o' paten' cut,
That nowt might be a wantin',
Te brim the cup o' pleasur full,
And ony stragglin' teaser¹⁰ lull,
'Mang scenes se fine and flantin'.

But, hinny, aw forgat te smoke !
Thou'll mebbzy think this but a joke,
But it's the honest truth ;
For oft se bizzzy war maw een,
Wi' wood and waiter, hill and dean,
The pipe fell frae maw mouth.

Aw've oft been tell'd o' wings o' Love,
And stared te hear how fast they move,
On sartin warm occasions,
When lads wi' lasses run away
Post-hyest te Gretna—neet and day
Pursued by their relations.

But when these wings are wrowt by steam,
Pursuit is then an idle dream,
And hope o' captur vain :
They'd better far just stay at hyem,
As chance o' catchin's then the syem,
Purch'd on an efter train.

Then quite secure frae furious frinds,
 Their flight to Gretna safely ends
 At HYMEN's far-fam'd smiddy,
 Where suin the union's myed complete,
 The metals bein' at weldin' heat,
 And VULCAN a'ways ready.

Aw tuik a luik about the toon ;
 And efter danderin' up an' down,
 Te see what folks war deein',
 Aw fand they had tyen up a trade
 Where we've the foremost fiddle play'd,
 E'er sin' it had a bein'.

They've here a deal te lairn, aw sec,
 And sud tyek lessons frae wor Quay,
 On sick mysterious maiters
 As shippin' coals¹¹—where iv'ry pairt
 Is taught by maisters o' the airt,
 In a' their craft furst-raters.

It was a pleasant seet te see
 Wor canny toon, and Carlisle tee,
 Byeth yit se hale and hearty,
 In spite of a' the Border frays
 In which they fowt i' former days,
 The bravest o' their party.

And now the travellers, wi' their trains,
 Will thraw young blood into the veins
 O' Carlisle's "murry city ;"
 And GRAINGER may, some efternuin,
 Slip ower and touch her up, when duin
 Here wi' her canny titty.

What lots o' brass it mun ha'e tyen,
And labour frae lang-heeded men,
 Te join this ancient pair—
Te myek them, as it war, shake hands,
And knit them close iv iron bands,
 Te separate ne mair.

Aw hope they'll a' be spared te see
The fruits o' this most noble tree,
 This cream o' man's creations,
Enrich and bliss wor happy hyems ;
And when they're deed, hand doon their nyems
 Te coontless generations.

THE CAPTAINS AND THE QUAYSIDE,

SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

SIN' TOMMY THOMPSON'S¹² vage te Shiel's
 IV JEMMY JONESON'S whurry,
And COXON'S steeds, *as fat as seals*,
 Popp'd folks doon iv a hurry,

What strange things hev we leev'd te see,
 On byeth the road and river ;
And there's ne knawin' what neist they'll de,
 Folks now are a' se cliver.

Wor jockeyship, as weel as hacks,¹³
War then iv a' their glory ;
And Captains' feats upon their backs
Shine yit i' Quayside story.

It wad ha'e se enrich'd yor een,
T'hev seen wor Sailors ridin' :
Their course a' reckonin' baffled clean,
A horse was 'yont their guidin'.

The Faithers o' the fittin' trade,
The Quayside a'ways pacin',
Prefarr'd the Sailor on his jade,
Tiv ony jockey-racin'.

For efter weeks o' nor-west winds
Ha'e spitefully been blawin',
And Bankers growlin' at their frinds,
Their 'coonts for ower-drawin'—

The "Runnin' Fitters'" stannin' still—
Their Maisters bizzy statin'
Where then-aboots the leet ships will
Be for a fair wind waitin'—

The Quay, just like some dowly place,
Wi' troubled spurrits haunted,
Unless a luckless ratten-chase¹⁴
(Though not just what is wanted)

Dispel the sullen gloom awhile,
Which want o' coasters 'casions,
And myeks the care-worn Fitter smile,
In spite o' worn-out patience—

The seet o' Captains beatin' up
Upon their leather-plaiters,
That luik upon byeth spur and whup
As varry hairmless maiters—

The yen airm gannin' like a flail,
The tother bizzy steerin',
(But, whether by the heed or tail,
The course was oft a queer un)—

Puts life intiv wor canny Quay,
And croods it like a hoppin'—
The Fitter bizzy as a bee,
Wiv a' his torn-buiks oppen—

The Captains runnin' up and doon,
Amang the Fitters fishin'
For ready torns—the Brokers roon'
Bent on the bit commission.

The Bankers now can sport a smile,
And luik byeth crouse and cobby:
Nay, they've been knawn, just for a while,
Te ha'e been even gobby.

Ahint their lugs, the Customs' sparks
Ye see ne langer steekin'
Their idle pens—for Clearin' Clerks
I' shoals are now heart-breckin'.

The skuil that lairnt wor "tars" te ride,
At last decline was showin':
The "Torn Act"¹⁵ laid its palmy pride,
And wrowt its utter ruin.

The office then for ships at neets
 Was myed the post o' winnin',
 In which a BISHOP¹⁶ tuik his seat
 Te snub a' kinds o' sinnin'.

For, just like a' the joekey crew,
 Wor tars te win war tricky:
 Oft yen another black and blue—
 Weel corsed—sent tiv AWD NICKY.

A flare-up iv'ry now and then,
 The winnin' post presented:
 Wor tars for torns like crazy men—
 Wor BISHOP just demented.

Yen Sunday—thorty years sin' syne—
 The sin, O dear, how cryin'!
 These graceless rogues kick'd up a shine,
 The BISHOP's power defyin'!¹⁷

They cors'd and swore, and storm'd the chair,
 Where *meek-eyed Peace* was seated,
 And had the Reverend Bench been there,
 They'd been ne better treated.

The BISHOP, though a *patient* man,
 And slawly mov'd tiv anger,
 Could, when the "Sherry Moor" began,
 Restrain his wrath ne langer.

A catalogue o' corses cam,
 Rowl'd out like peals o' thunner;
 But though he did most pithly damn,
 His damns they didn't scunner.

They didn't come just i' the form
 In "Tristram Shandy" given;
 For whe minds order, when a storm
 Is ower the temper driven?

The missiles flee—the Captains rage—
 The BISHOP quits his quarters,
 For fear that he might add a page
 Te Fox's Buik o' Martyrs.

The office¹⁸ neist went doon te Shiel's,
 And robb'd us o' wor ridin':
 Wor Captains then threw at their heels,
 What yence they'd sic a pride in.

The hacks are duin—the "gigs" succeed,
 The Captains now te carry:
 We've "comfortables" tee, i'steed
 O' JEMMY JONESON'S whurry.

"Steam" now cam' puffin' into play,
 And put an end te rowin';
 When PRICE¹⁹ said, iv his schemin' way,
 "Let's try the chep at towin'."

He puff'd and blew, and splash'd about,
 Awd Coaly Tyne alarmin',
 Te find a whale, where on'y troot
 Had up till then been swarmin'.

The 'stonish'd folks a' starin' stan',
 Can't credit what they're seein',
 A curious gimerank, myed by man,
 Work like a leevin' bein'!

The Keelmen lie upon their oars—
Survey it :—still they dinnet
See how it works :—at last yen roars,
“ The Deevil mun be in it.”

But deevil here, or deevil there,
This maister-piece o’ schemin’
Suin myed e’en “ comfortables” rare,
And now a’s duin by steamin’.

REID²⁰ then improv’d wor trip te Shiel’s,
And Tynemouth i’ the season :
A kind o’ hearse on bogie wheels—
A paten’ press for squeezein’ :

He clapp’d and call’d it “ omnibus,”
Because it six could carry,
When pack’d like awd hay iv a truss,
Or corp they’re gaun te barry.

Wi’ bodies wedged, and dove-tail’d knees,
And sadly sometimes heated,
Folks crab-like gan, and ill at ease,
A’ bein’ side-ways seated.

The Gigmén swore, and clench’d their fists,
When at their porter swiggin’,
That sic unseetly coffin-kists
Sud niver run doon giggin’.

And sartinly they didn’t fyell
Some time the storm te weather :—
At last, Steam²¹ tuik the road his-sel,
And floor’d them a’ tegither.

The struggle now lies just atween
 Steam by the land and waiter ;
 But vict'ry—folks wi' sharper een
 Say now's a settled maiter.

Sud TOMMY THOMPSON now luik out,
 He'd ax for JONESON's whurry,
 And what the de'il folks war aboot,
 In sic a horry-sorry.

"They war," he'd say, "a settled race,
 "And sometimes varry murry ;
 "But now it's quite another place,
 "Sin' JEMMY JONESON's whurry.

"Folks then had time, away frae hyem,
 "When ony crony meetin',
 "Te stand and ax for bairns and dyem,
 "And gi'e their nebs a weetin'.

"But now they nowther stop nor stay,
 "Te ax a frind, 'Hoo de ye ?'
 "Or moisten, wi' a drop, their clay,
 "Wi' 'Maw best sarvice te ye.'

"For when a passenger yence hears
 "The whussell sharp and shrilly,
 "He's myest at Shiel's afore his ears
 "Loss sense o' soonds se thrilly."

The BRAN'LIX' JUNCTION diz the syem,
 If Sun'erland ye visit :
 Ye're iv a jiffy out and hyem,
 Se varry suin Steam diz it.

What folks will de te mend this speed,
 It's nut se easy seein' ;
 Unless they tyek't into their heed
 Te try their hands at flecin'.

This constant runnin' up and deon,
 This iverlastin' motion,
 That horries all frae toon te toon,
 And ower the boondless ocean,

Mun myek Steam scatter, far and wide,
 The seeds o' useful knowledge,
 Wi' Penny Postage²² on his side,
 Mair pow'rful than a college.

A KEELMAN'S TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND.

THE heed that held a' Quayside lare,
 Was maister, tee, of all airts there,
 Frae Love-lane up te Grundin'-chare,
 Was FADDY'S.²³

The mysteries o' the fittin' trade,
 And broker's craft, as weel, it's said,
 But leetly on the shoothers laid,
 O' FADDY.

The keelman's dues tiv iv'ry rack,
 What they sud hev for coals browt back,
 And lyin' tides, just tiv a plack,
Knew FADDY.

'Boot winds and tides—the muin and sea,
 And where a fleet o' ships sud be,
 That's lang been luik'd for o' the quay,
Knew FADDY.

The shoals and sand-banks o' the Tyne,
 Kept there, it seems, by “reet divine,”
 Where steam-boats *sit*, war knawn quite fine,
By FADDY.

The brawls aboot a lyin' tide—
 Or snaffled torns (far warse te bide)—
 War easy maiters te decide,
For FADDY.

Aw tell the', plainly, te thy teeth,
 Thou did thy warst te huz, grim Deeth,
 When thou cam here te stop the breeth
O' FADDY.

But now he's gyen for iver mair,
 And as wor guide, we'll miss him sair,
 For there is nyen we warse could spare,
Than FADDY.

He started life a keel P. D.,
 Spent fifty years upon the quay ;
 And now, may bliss the portion be
O' FADDY.

A DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF COALY.

MOURN, pitmen all, on Tyne and Wear !
 Put on your crape, and drop a tear
 On COALY'S much-lamented bier—

At last he's deed ;
 And byens and charcoal now, aw hear,
 Reign iv his steed.

He hez had mony a tryin' boot,
 But, like his maisters i' the goot,
 He suin agyen gat hirpled out,
 Te cheer his frinds ;
 And then, as fresh as ony troot,
 Their trouble ends.

And but for this black, deedly blaw,
 That laid yor benefactor law,
 When him ye niver healthier saw,
 It plain appears
 He might hev leev'd, there's nyen can knaw
 How mony years.

And then te fall by sic a hand !
 A fellow²⁴ wiv a cōjurin' wand,
 Back'd by a motley black-airt band,
 Fit for the stocks,
 A phantom raised te starve the land—
 A Jack i' the Box !

But now ye'll niver see him mair,
In spite of a' yor norsin' care
Te keep him healthy, brisk, and spare,
Nur ower weel—
Te miss the goot, and hit the fair
And even keel.

Mourn, iv'ry man and mother's son,
Frae new breet byutes tiv awd half-shoon !
There's nowt te keep yor hearts abuin—
Yor COALY'S gyen :²⁵
Ye now mun dance te JOYCE'S tuin,
Charcoal and byen.

Mourn, a' the fitters o' the Quay !
And a' the swarms o' Brokers, tee,
That tell the Captains mony a lee,
Te myek them fix !
Yor glass is run—an end we'll see
Of a' yor tricks

Ye a' may wander te the woods,
Clad in hard labour's hyemly duds,
In weel-greas'd shoon stuck full o' muds,
Charcoal te born ;
Or else, te gain yor livelihoods,
Byen-grubbers torn.

We've lang been plagued wi' the new leet,
Which Tories foam aboot and fret,
But what is it te this new heat,
This blackin' ball,
That's push'd awd COALY frev his seat,
And ruined all ?

In sackcloth, then, and *ashes*, mourn—
Charcoal in coorse—ower COALY's urn,
 For he can niver mair return,
 Te cheer yor hearths,
 And bring ye back, frae Lethè's burn,
 Yor canny berths.

JOYCE'S PATENT STOVE.

"It is quite evident, that *this* charcoal must diffuse in the apartment as much carbonic acid during its combustion as an equal weight of any other charcoal; that it must vitiate the air in the same degree; and that the same accidents may be produced by it as by other causes. It is equally evident, that it can produce no more heat than the same quantity of common charcoal, as it contains no more combustible matter."—*Report of Gay Lussac to the Institute of France.*

HURRAH for awd COALY agyen !

He's hale and as hearty as iver :
 The chep wi' the charcoal and byen,
 Now fin's him a true fyel-me-niver.

He tuik his traps ower te France,
 But Mounseer was far ower cunnin' :
 He saw through the cheat at a glance,
 Which gull'd a' the noddies i' Lunnen.

He talk'd of a fine healthy heat,
 Myed out of a piece o' brunt stob ;
 But on'y lie doon wid at neet,
 I' the morn ye'll be caud i' the gob.

His pipe was put out iv a whiff—

He couldn't stand *Parleyvou's* shrug,
But slunk away, moun'gin', as if
A louse had dropt intiv his lug.

Thus COALY his foe fairly floor'd,
(The blackest he iver had seen,)
And his frinds te their quiet restor'd,
When they thowt Deeth was closin' his een.

He's agyen i' the hands of his frinds,
Where he's often far'd badly enough :
They dose him wi' drugs they call vends,
Or gorge him wiv oppen-trade stuff.

He's sometimes as fat as a seal,
At others as lean as a crow :
Te-day he's as brisk as an eel—
Te-morn he's a' doon i' the jaw.

He's now nobbit luikin' so-so—
He's pursy, and puff'd out wi' fat :
The goot's just beginnin' te show,
And he'll suin be as lean as a lat,

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE SAND
BANKS IN THE TYNE,

SEPTEMBER 17, 1832.

TO THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF NEWCASTLE.

Wor petition gans te show, Mr. Mayor,
That a vile reformin' crew, Mr. Mayor,
 Want te rob us o' wor reets,
 And the steamers o' their seats,
I' the sunny summer neets, Mr. Mayor.

The scullermen besides, Mr. Mayor,
Will loss their lyin' tides, Mr. Mayor,
 I' tyekin' out the folks,
 That dinnet like the jokes
Their steekin' oft provokes, Mr. Mayor.

Sic Radicals but mean, Mr. Mayor,
Te thraw sand i' yor een, Mr. Mayor,
 I' myekin' ye believe,
 While laughin' i' their sleeve,
That yor ruin we'll achieve, Mr. Mayor

Ha'e we nut for ages stood, Mr. Mayor,
The force o' mony a flood, Mr. Mayor,
 Protected by yor power,
 Up te this precious hour,
As *joint-stocks* safe and sure, Mr. Mayor?

But sic fellows mun be crack'd, Mr. Mayor,
That wad se madly aet, Mr. Mayor :

Hez nut wor sages said,
That "wi' huz grew up yor trade,"
That's gowd i' gowpens made, Mr. Mayor ?

There's wisdom stamp'd by time, Mr. Mayor,
Which te follow now's a crime, Mr. Mayor,
In these degenerate days,
When, just like cassen claes,
Are treat wor "good awd ways," Mr. Mayor.

Yor Conservators, tee, Mr. Mayor,
Frae Hedwin te the sea, Mr. Mayor :
Then surely we sud share
The Corporation's care
O' things that awdish ar', Mr. Mayor.

There's nowt that aw can nyem, Mr. Mayor,
Wad be a greeter shem, Mr. Mayor,
Then te let this levellin' clan,
As bad as Irish Dan,
Effect their hellish plan, Mr. Mayor.

Wor "union" wi' the Tyne, Mr. Mayor,
Is held by laws divine, Mr. Mayor :
Then aren't we as free
As Toon or Trinity—
Wor reets as "vested," tee, Mr. Mayor ?

Just moont yor specks an' read, Mr. Mayor,
What a curse is o' their heed, Mr. Mayor,
That shift the marks o' land—
And the syem, ne doobt, o' sand,
That in yor river stand, Mr. Mayor.

Then muster iv'ry trade, Mr. Mayor,
And "mystery," te yor aid, Mr. Mayor,
 Te stem the sweepin' tide
 Whereon these deevils ride,
Resolv'd te lower wor pride, Mr. Mayor,

For sud they yence succeed, Mr. Mayor,
Yor doom will be decreed, Mr. Mayor :
 The charter o' yor toon,
 The mace, the sword, and goón,
Will te the winds be strewn, Mr. Mayor.

Tell them a' te len' a hand, Mr. Mayor,
Nor shilly-shallyin' stand, Mr. Mayor ;
 For when wor glass is run,
 Yor awn will be begun,
And emptied varry suin, Mr. Mayor.

Then on wor marrow-bones, Mr. Mayor,
And i' the humblest tones, Mr. Mayor,
 If ye'll this torrent stay,
 We'll for ye pithly pray,
For iver and a day, Mr. Mayor.

THE ALDERMAN'S LAMENT.

FAREWHEEL, fareweel, wor good awd ways,
And a' wor jobbin' maiters !
We've fa'en at last on evil days
For canny corporators.

On leases lang, and ballast-quays,
In Corporation glory,
We've flourish'd like the "green bay trees,"
Se fam'd iv Eastren story.

But iv'ry lease, whate'er its date,
Mun end; but, O! how cruel,
That wor's mun share the common fate,
Wi' ne chance o' renewal!

We've lang foreseen, wi' heavy hearts,
This awful mischief brewin',
An' that wor enemies' vile arts
Wad bring aboot wor ruin.

Then, hinnies, i' the Hoose abuin,
List te wor dowly ditty:
O! come te wor assistance suin—
Lords, luik on huz wi' pity.

Ye've a'ways been wor prop and stay,
A kind o' fycl-me-niver:
Then let them nut, we humbly pray,
Put out wor pipes for iver.

For, mind, we've a'ways back'd ye through,
In times o' squally weather,
And if ye dinnet help us now,
We'll a' be swamp'd thegither.

And if we fall, away gans all—
Chorch, King, and Constitution!
A wreck, belaw a murky pall
Of reckless rivolution.

The Hoose below, ower weel we knaw,
On it the least to lippen :
They're black sheep nearly yen and a',
Like ORD and CUDDY RIPPON.

Ax a' the barkin', leein' loons,
'Boot reet and wrang oft gobbin',
If strippin' Aldermen of goons
Is nut akin te robbin' ?

It's nut se much for self we plead,
Wor nests bein' gaily feather'd :
Wor country's fate it is we dreed,
If this storm is nut weather'd ;

For though we've nut inrich'd the toon,
Wi' Corporation rental,
We've a'ways, in wor hat and goon,
Been thowt quite ornamental.

And then the "feast," whe'll garnish it
Wi' flashes wise and witty ?
On idle jades in judgment sit,
And weekly clear wor kitty ?

Whe'll then the Judge, wi' posies neat,
Attend se fine and flantin' ?
"Lord 'Size wad be a sorry seet,
Wi' them and huz awantin' .

And what wad syev its vested reets,
Or sand banks i' the river,
If yence the toon its "northern leets"
And props sud loss for iver ?

Then, hinnies, keep us where we are
 For life—wor jobs just snit us;
 And Chorch, and Bench, and Civic Chair,
 Wad a' be bare without us.

And let us doze wor days away,
 In ease and fouth o' feedin':
 At last in turtle-soup wor clay
 Presarve te times succeedin'.

But if we mun be driven forth,
 Deprived o' rank and station,
 What then we'll loss, cast up the worth,
 And grant us "compensation."

THE PEA-JACKET.

WEY, MALLY, maw hinny! what thinks te aw've seen?
 (And aw niver saw nowt half se dashin'):
 Aw've seen i' the toon, if aw may trust maw een,
 Maw PEA²⁶ just the pink o' the fashion!

Frae the cut, and the claith, and the horn-buttons, tee,
 Aw said te mawsel', aw was sarten
 The fellow had snaffled maw best Sunday PEA,
 Thou a'ways said aw was se smart in.

If he'd had breeches on, a' lowse at the knee,
 And a chow iv his cheek o' rag backy,
 Thou'd sworn, as he swagger'd doon Newcassel Quay,
 That he was thy awn canny JACKY.

Wor skipper cam up, and aw tell'd him maw tyel,
The PEA i' maw heed a' ways runnin' :

“Wey, man,” says he, “surely thou isn't thyself,
“Nut te knaw what's been gawn on i' Lunnen.

“The awd Corporations, the Doctors a' say,
“That meet at the Hoose call'd St. Stephen,
“Are at their last gasp, and by next New Year's Day
“There winnet be yen o' them leevin'.

“It lang hez been said they war gannin' te pot,
“But wor awn set it a' doon for leein',
“Till the Mayor and the Aldermen a' tuik the rot,
“And are now just like rotten sheep deein'.

“Aw've just been up street—the toon's iv a low,
“And aw's frighten'd some mischief is brewin',
“As a deed Corporation's not worth an awd chow,
“An' aw wadn't say much for the new un.

“For the cocked hat and goon, that govern'd the toon,
“I' the days of awd Alderman BLACKETT,
“The Aldermen myekin' are gawn te lay doon,
“An put on a keelman's PEA JACKET!”

Feb. 14, 1836.

THE MOVEMENT.

WHERE canny Newcassel will gan te at last,
 Is far ayont maw understandin' ;
 But if it gan on as it's duin for years past,
 It'll suin aboot Hexham be landin'.

For toon within toon, and street efter street,
 GRAINGER pops up—without iver heedin'
 How they're to be fill'd ; unless some new leet
 Shows him folks will like rabbits be breedin'.

But this railroad-pace of increasin' wor race,
 Wad be torn'd topsy-torvy by steamin' :
 The folks, now-a-days, hev ne dwellin' place—
 Of hoose or of hyem niver dreamin'.

This, howiver, ne doot, is GRAINGER's luik-out—
 The greet Court-and-Market-Exchanger ;
 And wors iv'ry inch o' the grund te dispute,
 When the props o' wor toon are in danger.

The Markets are gyen, exceptiu' just yen
 Which the Cooncil kept out of his clutches ;
 And the Courts he'll grab suin, if they let him alyen ;
 But the day he'll repent he them touches.

For the *crabby* awd dealers in *ling*, *cod*, and *brats*,
 And the *vurgins* that tempt us wi' nice *maiden skyet*,
 Will niver, aw hope, be the *gudgeons* or *flats*,
 Te *floonder* aboot i' this huge movement-*net*.

He'll neist try the Quay—the Custom Hoose, tee—
 The Brig—and wor awd coaly River ;
 But in spite o' the warst that a' GRAINGER can de,
 They're wor₂awn—and we'll keep them for iver.

They're eronies we've lang been accustom'd te see ;
 For some o' them battled afore, lang and sair ;
 And though we're grown grey i' the cause o' the Quay,
 We hev pluck enough left for a few tussels mair.

They're fixtors, some awd-fashioned bodies may say,
 But where can we now for see rarities surch ;
 For a man walkin' off wiv a Play Hoose te-day,
 May te-morn slip away wi' St. Nicholas' Chorch.

Let the Trinity folks o' their moorin's tyek care—
 Let them double their watch—or, as sure as a gun,
 They'll wyeken some morn, leavin' Trinity Chare,
 And driftin' tiv Elswick—afore a' be duin.

The Radical movement is now all the go,
 But little like wors, as ye'll easily guess,
 When aw tell ye that GRAINGER can move, te and fro,
 A chorch or a chapel, like figurs at chess.

The Cooncil, then, led by wor brave BRITISH TAR,²⁷
 Mun battle the watch for wor canny awd toon ;
 And byeth tar and feather the hallion that dar'
 Te hoist his-sel' *up* by haulin' huz *doon*.

January 29, 1839.

A GLANCE AT POLLY TECHNIC.²⁸

Aw've travelled East as weel as West,
 At Carlisle and the Sea aw've been ;
 And i' maw time, aw think the myest
 Of a' the marvels here aw've seen.

At GRAINGER's warks aw've wonder'd sair,
 Aw've stared at a' the feats o' Steam ;
 But at the 'Sociation'²⁹ mair—
 'Till now, of a' that's grand the cream.

But this is all a baggy tyel ;
 For now the seet just torns maw brain,
 Sin' POLLY TECHNIC cam hersel',
 Wiv a' her wouders in her train.

She's gyen an' ransack'd iv'ry pairt,
 For rarities of iv'ry kind,
 As weel of Natur as of Airt—
 The pith o' mony a maister-mind.

Aw glower'd aboot the Pictur Place—
 Aw ax'd for JUDY³⁰ o' the "Hutch ;"
 But JUDY's fyece aw cudn't trace—
 The want o' JUDY vex'd me much.

She was the Corporation key—
 Kept a' within the "Hutch" secure :
 Though crook'd, se crabh'd and fierce was she,
 Nyen durst play peep agyen her power.

Her temper then was nearly gyen,
 (Though at the best aw've seen a sweeter);
 Yit as aw sowt her, aw fand yen
 That seem'd a crustier-luikin' creatur.

The awd chep wi' the lantren mun
 Ha'e leev'd amang some Border clan,
 Where byeth his lantren and the sun,
 It tuik te find an honest man.

There's BELTED WILL, the Border chief,
 If he wad speak, could thraw some leet
 On *where* se rankly prowled the thief,
 That honest men war bad te meet.

The Chinese pipe and razor seem
 Te 'mind us o' the opium fray,
 Browt on us by the puzzenin' scheme—
 Then hear what FAW FUM hez te say:—

“War te the *razor*, if ye will
 “Nut frae yor smugglin' system cease,
 “Or keep away yor poppy pill,
 “And then we'll smoke the *pipe* o' peace.”

And here's maw horny, letter'd frien',
 The corner-styen of a' wor lare:
 It is the finest thing aw've seen—
 O, dear! aw's glad te see it there.

Some fuils may giggle at the nyem
 O' byeth the *Hornbuick* and *Tom Thumb*;
 But where is it, if nut frae them,
 That a' yor POLLY TECHNICs come?

The "branks," a kind o' brake, is here,
 Wor faithers, when a' else was vain,
 Compell'd the noisy jades te weer,
 Whene'er their clappers ran amain.

Eh! "nick-sticks? nick-sticks?" what are they?
 O! now aw hae'd:—they're used at hyem;
 And when kept decently in play,
 The branks was but an empty nyem.

The "cut-porse"³¹ points te by-gyen times,
 When truth was niver sowt in wells—
 When Justice punish'd captains' crimes
 Without the fash o' weights and skyells.

The Hutch, where Corporation men
 Had follow'd lang their cut-porse wark,
 Luik'd varry like a conjuror's den,
 Wi' nick-naeks eramm'd, like NOAH's ark.

A hag³² kept here a constant watch,
 Te gaird the heed magician's³³ seat:
 Twe seers,³⁴ wiv een that nowt could match,
 War set te see that a' went reet.

And here's wor hatless Minstrel,³⁵ tee,
 That roam'd aboot wor canny city,
 And charm'd the guzzlers o' the quay
 Wi' mony a simple, hyem-spun ditty.

Aw think aw hear him fiddlin' still,
 And on SUR MAFFA sweetly strummin',
 Which help'd away wi' mony a gill,
 'Mang fuddlin' men and queerish women.

But aw mun end maw simple tyel—
It's now ower lang, aw sadly fear :
Te POLLY praise, there's nyen can fyel—
Wor bairns will praise her mony a year.

LINES ON JOHN SMITH,
COMMONLY CALLED "JOHN THE BARBER,"

Who died on Gateshead Fell, August 17, 1827, aged 96.

POOR JOHN, thy pole's no more display'd,
Thy wig-blocks now are quite decay'd,
Thy razors all to rust are doom'd,
Thy hone defaced, thy oil consumed,
Thy worn-out strop hangs idly by,
Thy brush a stump, thy lather dry,
Thy tongs lie cold upon the shelf,
Thy comb as toothless as thyself—
All emblems of thy earthly house,
Now stamp'd by Death unfit for use.
But there's a promise that ensures
A renovation of thy powers,
Beyond that awful, unknown river,
Where thou'lt be *set* to last for ever.

THE AUTHOR'S ARM-CHAIR.

THOU now hast been my steady friend
 For nearly five and thirty years ;
 And ready thy support to lend,
 Amidst the world's ungrateful sneers.

Unlike those *seats* of greater note,
 Mine was not won 'midst scenes of strife :
 I must admit that it was bought—
 But then it was a *seat* for life.

Thy moral worth's above all praise—
 Thou dost not 'twixt opinions halt :
 Thy feet ne'er swerve from duty's ways—
 Thou'rt upright even to a fault.

Full many an hour, right happily,
 We've spent o'er books with knowledge stored :
 Full many a cup I've quaff'd in thee,
 When seated at the social board.

And when the bottle's potent powers
 Had sent our wigs some half-way round,
 And wing'd with mirth the fleeting hours,
 A backhold still in *thee* I found.

Thy joints are creaking now with age—
 Mine get more rigid daily, too :
 A few more seasons on this stage,
 Must bring us to our last adieu.

And when the curtain falls at last,
Should any one our story tell,
May this the sentence be that's pass'd—
“They both their parts have acted well.”

THE AUTHOR'S FAVOURITE DOG, PINCHER.

PEACE, honest PINCHER! to thy manes:³⁶
Relieved from all thy worldly pains,
Thy muzzle's vile and galling chains,
Poor PINCHER.

And if dog-virtues, after this,
Have any claim to future bliss,
A rich reward thou cannot miss,
Poor PINCHER.

For never was a nobler brute—
More patriotic—resolute—
When danger drew his courage out,
Than PINCHER.

From damage oft, by noise and foam,
He kept his trust, from those that roam:
For gallant in defence of home,
Was PINCHER.

When wandering dealers, with their wares,
Horn-buttons, specks, and small affairs,
Approach'd—then roused were all the cares
Of PINCHER.

A lion to repel attack,
A lamb with children on his back ;
And duty's line the daily track
Of PINCHER.

When winds of winter whistle round,
And darkness reigns—in sleep profound
Secure we were—kept safe and sound
By PINCHER.

He was no silly, senseless goose,
That eats and sleeps to little use :
The seal and safeguard of the house,
Was PINCHER.

Then why, Death, didst thou send so soon
Thy mandate—and, thy work to crown,
Thy ugly scythe, that levell'd down
Poor PINCHER ?

Why not some senseless cur assail,
With bladder dangling at his tail,
And spare me this distressing wail
For PINCHER ?

To take such off in Nature's bloom,
Is merely making others room :
But real worth, I grudge the tomb,
Like PINCHER'S.

The solemn psalm has oft been sung,
 And holy earth has oft been flung
 O'er heads, where tongues less honest hung
 Than PINCHER'S.

In thy expressive, short, Dutch face,
 Which did the powers of speech embrace,
 I easily could thy meaning trace,
 POOR PINCHER.

Thy tit-bit to secure, no more
 Thou'lt meet me at the parlour-door,
 With looks that said, "A little for
 "POOR PINCHER."

Beneath the pear-tree's peaceful shade,
 Secure from sexton's pick or spade,
 In everlasting rest is laid
 POOR PINCHER.

Then fare-thee-well, my faithful friend !
 A long farewell ! for here must end
 Our friendship, and the lines I've penn'd
 On PINCHER.

ON PARTING WITH A FAVOURITE MARE.

O DOLL ! had I the muse of Burns,
 Who MAILLIE'S loss so sweetly mourns,
 I'd pour thy praises forth ;
 And all thy matchless goodness trace,
 In verse as easy as thy pace,
 And suited to thy worth.

We've dander'd on for years together,
 Through all varieties of weather,
 To market, church, and business ;
 And only once thou'st misbehaved,
 When on thy knees was humbly craved
 My pardon and forgiveness.

No windmill, with its fluttering sail,
 When driven briskly by the gale,
 E'er made thee rear and caper :
 No creature is from vice more free,
 Thy master's will is law to thee,
 Disdaining senseless vapour.

There's none can value such a mare,
 But those who deal in rhyming ware,
 Whose motto's " Luck in leisure."
 Thy back is just the poet's seat,
 Thy steps are all poetic feet,
 And beat in tuneful measure.

Thou dost thy present master please ;
And on thy back, with perfect ease,
 He rhymes and rides at pleasure.
And howsoe'er zigzag he roam,
Thou never tak'st him past his home :
 Indeed thou art a treasure !

Thus show thyself a beast of sense,
And claim, without the least offence,
 Thy title to good breeding.
Before thy master never drink,
Nor of his neighbour's pasture think,
 However good the feeding.

And should the produce of the grape
Induce him e'er his course to shape
 Out of the usual track,
Let neither hand nor heel betray
Thee, to forsake the homeward way,
 Nor cast him from thy back.

And when thy day of use is past,
May'st thou thy recompense at last
 Obtain :—for thy good manners
Demand, at least, a pleasant nook :
I mean a pasture near a brook,
 Secure from ruthless tanners.

There may'st thou toyte about, till age
Unfits thee for this mortal stage,
 And life is nearly over.
Then may that surface which thee fed,
With snowdrops deck thy dying bed,
 Form'd of the softest clover.

A CHARACTER.

SEE SCRUB, of carping, grasping fame,
 Now stretch'd upon his funeral bier :
 A perfect synonyme his name,
 For all that's mean and little here.

He passed through life without respect,
 Quite unregretted took his flight :
 Left nought behind which can protect
 His memory from oblivion's night.

Dogmatic, snappish, keen, and sour,
 A hint could blow him into strife.
 Self, ruled him with a sovereign power,
 Through all his long, protracted life.

The child, by hunger press'd, you'd see
 Pass him, whene'er by want forced out :
 Too well he knew a barren tree
 Was not the place to look for fruit.

He took his toast, but always dry—
 From various herbs his tea was brew'd :
 He had a cotton-rag laid by,
 For many years, to make his shroud.

Poor, narrow soul, his race is run :
 What has he for his mis'ry got ?
 A piece of earth which all would shun—
 Six feet by three : the common lot.

CHARLEY THE NEWSMONGER.³⁷

ALAS! poor CHARLEY's gone for ever,
 And cross'd for aye that unknown river,
 Which cannot us much longer sever

FROM CHARLEY.

Relentless Death has snapp'd the thread
 Of life, and laid amongst the dead
 The fertile, wonder-working head

OF CHARLEY.

When at the KEYS on market-nights,
 What marvellous poetic flights
 Astonish'd oft the list'ning wights,

FROM CHARLEY.

For none could so a tale adorn,
 When seated by a reaming horn
 Of spirit-stirring barleycorn,

AS CHARLEY.

No one could match him at a joke,
 Nor so enjoy, 'midst clouds of smoke,
 The time-worn frame with ale to soak,

AS CHARLEY.

A drunken rumpus in the street,
 Where muzzy chaps with watchmen meet,
 Or ghost wrapt in its winding-sheet,

Pleas'd CHARLEY

On such like themes he ne'er was slack
To give the company all his crack :
Nay, just a walking newsman's pack,
Was CHARLEY.

At short-weight meat he oft would rail,
But still much more at long-priced ale :
Combined, they drew a woeful wail
From CHARLEY.

Come, then, ye friends of social cheer,
Attend with me his mournful bier,
And drop a last and parting tear,
O'er CHARLEY.

For we've lost him, who had the art
T' amuse us o'er a friendly quart :
We've lost, besides, an honest heart,
In CHARLEY.

ON SEEING A MOUSE RUN ACROSS THE
ROAD IN JANUARY.

STAY, little, tim'rous beastie, stay,
Nor bicker wi' sic speed away ;
For I, like some relentless fae,
Seek not thy life,
To scatter want, distress, and wae,
'Mang weans and wife.

At this bleak season o' the year,
When snaws are deep and frost severe,
Does hunger force thee out, to speer
 Thy scanty fare?
Or is't the folks at hame to cheer,
 That's now thy care?

It may be in some cosie biel,
They're waitin' for their stinted meal,
Which aiblins ye'll be forced to steal
 Frae barn or byre;
And, i' the act, Death's tortures feel,
 Frae cats or wire.

When Fahrenheit's sixteen degrees
Belaw the point where fluids freeze,
Ye should na hae sie tow te tease,
 Sae far frae hame,
Where may be sits, but ill at ease,
 Your sullen dame.

If sic be your untoward fate,
I wot ye'll nae be lag nor blate,
For nature's laws just operate
 On mice like men:
Besides it's now becomin' late—
 The clock's struck ten.

Come, then, ye daft and thriftless crew,
And in this mousely mirror, view
Yourselves display'd in colours true,
 With a' your pride:
With boasted human reason, too,
 Your steps to guide.

O, man ! to many ills a prey—
With tott'ring steps and haffits grey,
To close in want life's chequer'd day,
 Is sad indeed ;
For age alone soon wears away
 The brittle thread.

Then learn, ere hirplin' age appears,
When friendship oft a cauldness wears,
Which fills the aged een wi' tears,
 The heart wi' grief,
To live so, that the elosing years
 Mayn't need relief.

PETITION OF AN APPLE-TREE,

THREATENED WITH BEING REMOVED FROM ITS
NATIVE PLACE.

DEAR Madam, plead and pray for me :
O spare, O spare your apple-tree !
If friendship of a lengthen'd date,
 Nor faithful serviees, avail
To save me from my threaten'd fate,
 Then listen to my artless tale ;
And never my destruction see,
But spare, O spare your apple-tree !

Your children all have round me play'd,
As happy as the day was long ;
And oft, with longing eyes, survey'd
The tempting prize my leaves among.
Then why should I an outcast be,
And they robb'd of their apple-tree ?

Nay, I have borne them on my arms,
And help'd them up to pluck my fruit ;
For those below, urged by my charms
To scramble after at the root.
Then still let them quite happy be,
In climbing up their favourite tree.

I've been their shade from summer's heat,
Their shelter till the shower pass'd by ;
And oft afforded them a treat,
In what they loved—an apple-pie.
Then let their great delight still be
In pies, with fruit produced by me.

I have been long to "letters" dear,
And learning's ladder help'd to climb :
"A, apple-pie," saves many a tear,
And much invaluable time.
You'll surely then not part with me,
Your apple, and your knowledge tree.

And if you feel for honest worth,
That by you stood when others fled,
You surely cannot drive me forth,
With fifty winters on my head.
O, then, let strict fidelity,
And age, protect your apple-tree.

Consider, too, the tender ties
 Which root me to my native place ;
 For I my home as dearly prize,
 As any of your nobler race.
 Then spare, O spare your cruelty,
 Nor homeless leave your apple-tree.

And should my fate be doubtful still,
 There yet remains another plea :
 O, spare me for the sake of WILL,
 Who slily pulls the fruit from me.
 Then let me live, that you may see
 Him fit to climb your apple-tree.

August 16, 1829.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

THY plea all-powerful must prevail,
 The spoiler's hand shall now be stay'd ;
 For supplications seldom fail,
 When feeling comes to reason's aid.

Then stay and flourish where thou art,
 And all the sweets of home enjoy :
 Still please the eye and glad the heart
 Of many an apple-eating boy.

Long may thy foliage, too, supply
 An infant-school³⁸ for sparrows' young,
 Where they may learn to feed and fly,
 As well as chirp their mother tongue.

And still enjoy the balmy kiss
 Of summer-breezes in thy bloom,
 After the hand that traces this
 Has long lain powerless in the tomb.

And when decay creeps o'er thy frame—
 (Now shrunk and shivering in the blast)—
 In nakedness, and but the name
 Of what thou in thy glory wast—

May some kind hand, at nature's close,
 Drop, o'er thy fall, a parting tear ;
 And so of thy remains dispose,
 As best may make thy worth appear.

THE TIPPLING DOMINIE.

COME, all ye lovers of good ale,
 Whose powers of fuddling never fail,
 And join me in the bitter wail
 For HERRING'S death :
 His direst foe (how sad a tale !)
 Has stopp'd his breath.

He warr'd with water all his days—
 A blashy cheat, in toper's phrase :
 Why need it then our wonder raise,
 That he is found,
 E'en with a staff to guide his ways,
 Poor fellow, drown'd ?³⁹

He led a thoughtless, half-starv'd life,
 In keeping up this watery strife,
 Deprived of all a loving wife
 Can husband give :
 Tit-bits ne'er touch'd his haftless knife—
 Sore pinch'd to live.

Report asserts (but she's a blab),
 His wardrobe, got up quite habnab,
 Was second-hand : his coat a drab,
 With laps restored :
 A piece of carpet, and a crab,
 His bed and board.

Some pasteboard o'er a firkin head,
 In his abode, was used instead
 Of table ; whereupon was spread
 His scanty fare :
 His only seat (so it was said),
 A three-legg'd chair.

A highwayman, on plunder bent,
 Would find his time but badly spent
 O'er TOMMY—whose habiliment
 Coin never kept.
 For getting up the steam, all went
 Before he slept.

Such was the man destined to rule
 For thirty years a village-school.
 Yet was he by no means a fool ;
 Though quite unfit
 To either on a chair or stool
 As Dominic sit.

“ Dry measure ” was his constant pest :
 He liked the “ long ” and “ liquid ” best ;
 But yet more perfect than the rest
 He’d “ ale ” and “ beer.”
 To spy a dray¹⁰ of drink, how blest
 Did he appear !

All weathers witness’d TOMMY’S drought :
 With ev’ry sot he’d had a bout :
 And ev’ry house had turn’d him out,
 Refusing more.
 His rule of “ practice ” did not suit,
 When half-seas o’er.

Then all ye drunken Dominies, view
 What tippling brings its victims to ;
 And let it not be said of you,
 When ’tis too late,
 Such as poor TOMMY’S steps pursue,
 Must share his fate.

THE WASHING-DAY.

Or a' the plagues a poor man meets,
 Along life's weary way,
 There's nyen amang them a' that beats
 A rainy weshin' day.
 And let that day come when it may,
 It a'ways is maw care,
 Before aw break maw fast, te pray
 It may be fine and fair.
 For it's thump! thump! souse! souse!
 Scrub! scrub away!
 There's nowt but glumpin' i' the hoose,
 Upon a weshin' day.

For sud the morn, when SALL turns out,
 Be rainy, dark, or dull,
 She cloots the bits o' bairns aboot,
 And packs them off te skuil.
 In iv'ry day throughout the week,
 The goodman hez his say,
 But this; when if he chance te speak,
 It's "Get out o' maw way!"
 For it's thump, thump, &c.

Her step hez starn defiance in't,
 She luiks a' fire and tow:
 A single word, like spark frae flint,
 Wad set her iv a low.

The varry claes upon her back,
 Se pinn'd and tuck'd up are,
 As if they'd say, te bairns and JACK,
 "Come near me if ye dar."
 For it's thump, thump, &c.

The cat's the pictur o' distress—
 The kittlens dar nut play :
 Poor PINCHER niver shows his fyece
 Upon this dreary day.
 The burd sits mopin' o' the balk,
 Like somethin' iv a flay :
 The pig's as hungry as a hawk :
 The hens lay all away.
 For it's thump, thump, &c.

The hearth is a' wi' cinders strewn,
 The floor wi' durty duds :
 The hoose is a' torn'd upside doon
 When SALL is i' the suds.
 But when the fray's a' ower and duin,
 And a's hung up te dry,
 A cup, and blast o' backy, suin
 Blaws a' bad temper by.
 Then the thump! thump! souse! souse!
 Scrub! scrub away!
 Myek ne mair glumpin' i' the hoose—
 Until neist weshin' day.

WOMAN.

In this sad scene of pain and strife,
 Who forms the social charm of life,
 As mother, sister, sweetheart, wife ?

Dear woman !

Who guards us with a watchful eye,
 When we in crib or cradle lie,
 And soothes us with a lullaby ?

Kind woman !

Who teaches us to lisp and talk,
 Our little infant legs to walk,
 Our hands to grasp the lily's stalk ?

Dear woman !

When infancy to pain's a prey,
 From ills which throng its early day,
 Who wipes the pearly drops away ?

'Tis woman !

Who forms the peaceful hamlet's pride,
 Who makes our moments swiftly glide,
 And crowns at length our joys as bride ?

Sweet woman !

The sparkling eye, whose lovely ray
 Doth round the manly bosom play,
 And slily wiles the heart away,

Is woman's.

When o'er the juice of barleycorn,
We thoughtless sit till early morn,
Who anxious waits our late return?

Kind woman!

When on a bed of sickness laid,
And all life's brightest prospects fade,
Who renders us such soothing aid

As woman?

Who, in a thousand various ways,
Our fondest, warmest love repays,
And throws a sunshine o'er our days?

'Tis woman!

And when we sink, through length of years,
Who as our feeling nurse appears,
And life's remaining moments cheers,

Like woman?

And when the wearied spirit's fled,
Who shuts our eyes, and binds our head,
And fits us for our narrow bed?

Dear woman!

The mournful stone with letters fair,
Which tells our mould'ring dust lies there,
Is oft the fond and lovely care

Of woman.

Thus, through the everchanging scene,
The cradle and the grave between,
We've joys more pure, and ills less keen,

From woman.

DAVID PROFIT,
THE LANDLORD OF THE SHIP, ON GATESHEAD
LOW FELL.

O, DAVID! how I love thy name,
And heartily wish mine was the same.
It's worth a JEW's eye, both to thee
And all thy future progeny.
For what's a burthen, oft, to others,
(I mean prolific wives and mothers,)
And proves a plague to MOORS and MOFFATS,
To thee's a source of "little profits."
And gains though light, if care yon take,
A heavy purse, it's said, will make.
Thus must the man be blest through life,
With such a profitable wife;
Whose business, too, must always thrive
As long as "profit" is alive;
For though his customers may fail,
And wipe off all their scores in jail—
A thunder-storm may spoil his ale—
His "ship" from port may never sail—
Nay, let his tap run as it will,
There'll be a "living profit" still,
As long as DAVID tends his shop
In spite of want of malt or hop.

CARTER'S WELL:—A NEW SONG.

TUNE:—"Mrs. Johnson."

WOR faithers o' "the olden time,"
 The praises sung in sparklin' rhyme,
 Of rosy wine, and nectar prime,
 For gods and men the dandy;
 But they'd ha'e tell'd a diff'rent tyel,
 Had they knawn owt o' CAIRTER'S WELL,
 The Helicon o' Gyetshed Fell,
 Or see a thing as brandy.
 But they'd ha'e tell'd, &c.

Ne other spring wiv it can vie:
 It is a tap that ne'er runs dry—
 A cellar where a rich supply
 Suits iv'ry rank and station.
 And if awd age myeks tippie fine,
 Wors mun, aw think, be quite divine,
 For it's a batch of ADAM'S wine,
 We gat at the Creation.
 And if awd age, &c.

And iver since, we've swigg'd away:
 Frae flowin' cans, day efter day,
 We've cheer'd and soak'd wor drouthy clay,
 Wi' CAIRTER'S iverlastin'.
 But mony think a drop or two,
 Of brandy, rum, or mountain-dew,
 Wad help a deal te get us through,
 When care's the mind ow'reastin'.
 And if awd age, &c.

Let sic te HETHERINGTON's repair,
And sit an' sip their mixtur' there ;
And if for toddy they declare
" At eight the kettle's boilin'."
But gi'e me CAIRTER's caller spring,
For mixtur' just the varry thing :
We then Care ower the shooother fling,
And gi'e wor wigs an oilin'.
And if awd age, &c.

And then, for news, there's nowt can beat
The Well where all the lasses meet,
An' gi'e their tongues a pleasant treat,
On village-speculations :—
The coortin' that's te " callin' " led—
The couples that are suin te wed—
When the last bride will get her bed—
And sec-like gleg occasions.
And if awd age, &c.

THE INDUSTRIOUS AND PEACEABLE PAIR.⁴¹

ON the edge of the Fell, in a snug little cot,
Lived an honest and peaceable pair :
To make us our coffins was THOMAS's lot,
While BELLA attended our *fair*.

They each at the limit of life took their place,
Their aid and advice to dispense ;
For she hail'd us here with a smile on her face,
And he amidst tears took us hence.

Of practice they both had a competent share,
For the village is pop'lous and large ;
And none ever did with more credit and care
Their several duties discharge.

In a mantle of silk, in the morning of life,
To attend us to church she was proud ;
Whilst he at the close of our sorrows and strife,
Attended us there in our shroud.

Death often replenished an exhausted purse ;
And, when the Destroyer was still,
A birth would have answer'd as well as this curse,
And brought equal grist to their mill.

But now in his grave poor TOMMY lies cold,
His cares and his troubles all o'er ;
For Death, his best friend and employer of old,
Has left us his loss to deplore.

Thus goodness or virtue as nothing appears,
To appease this implacable foe ;
Nor even a friendship cemented by years,
Can avert his most unerring blow.

His protracted life was with usefulness crown'd—
His example may others improve ;
And may he at last with the blessed be found,
In the heavenly mansions above.

And may his old mate, when the little remains
Of her mortal existence are o'er,
After forty years sharing his pleasures and pains,
Join him, never to part any more.

THE VILLAGE-HOWDY.

POOR BELLA, the last of the "industrious pair,"
Whose story already appears,
Has finish'd a life of industry and care,
Spun out over ninety-one years.

She welcomed us here in the dawn of our day,
Prepared us for cradle display :
Bestow'd on each feature unqualified praise,
But the nose was the father's, she'd say.

Her custom was always to cut up the cheese,
To hand round the cake and the gin ;
Remarking afresh, on the "stranger," to these,
Who afterwards kindly dropped in.

The fingers, the nails, the eyes, and the hair,
Undergo the minutest inspection ;
And Nature, if this were the *first*, all declare,
Has stamp'd it a piece of perfection.

She deck'd us for church on the christening day,
Cut the bread-and-cheese meant to be stow'd
In the first lucky pocket she met on her way
To the church, from their humble abode,

But the line of her usefulness did not end here—
Other duties she had to fulfil :
Her prescriptions were good, though in Latin not penn'd,
And she managed the lancet with skill.

To those "in the straw" frequent visits she paid—
To those on her sick-list the same :
Popp'd in upon such as would soon want her aid,
Not forgetting the last-married dame.

She was none of the thriftless, that trifle away,
What much future ill may assuage, *
But saved what she could during life's summer-day,
For the wants of the winter of age.

Thus briefly I've sketch'd the outline of her life,
Unsullied by meanness or pride—
An affectionate mother, an excellent wife,
And a howdy famed both far and wide.

THE HAPPY HOME.

AMBITION, take thy dazzling crown,
And pursy Pride thy civic gown,
I only ask this humble boon,
A happy home.

Rank, wealth, or power, I value not :
I much prefer a lowly lot,
A competence, a country cot,
And happy home.

Let me meet happy faces there,
A fav'rite book and easy chair,
In that retreat from toil and care,
A happy home.

The giddy crew, who spend their days
And nights in Dissipation's maze,
Can never know my theme of praise,
A happy home.

What cheers the traveller on his way,
What lightens labour's weary day,
And stays the plagues that turn us grey?
A happy home.

A place of refuge—port of peace—
Where all the world's vexations cease,
And comforts with our years increase,
Is happy home.

It's past imagination's power,
To paint each charming ev'ning hour,
Which those enjoy, whose lives secure
A happy home.

And when life fails, as fail it must,
What smoothes, when its last spark is just
Extinct, our passage to the dust?
A happy home.

NOTES.

¹ Some thirty years ago, when the Westgate and Ballast Hill Hop-pings were in all their glory, and more numerous attended than they are now, several of our fagging Quaysiders did not think it beneath them to snatch a few hours' relaxation from the toil of business, at these places of "fun and frolic." But at present the sports at these "merry-makings" want that spirit which distinguished them a quarter of a century ago.

² Mr. PLUMMER's exertions, as Chairman of the Company, are worthy of all praise—no consideration of time or convenience having been allowed for one moment to interfere with the discharge of his very troublesome and arduous duty. The memory of the late Mr. LOSH, at the same time, demands a passing tribute at our hands. To the talent, perseverance, and popularity of Mr. LOSH, Mr. PLUMMER's predecessor as Chairman, the triumph of the undertaking over its early and most serious difficulties is to be chiefly attributed.

³ It often required no small degree of tact and forbearance to parry the ugly questions asked, and the explanations required, by some of the shareholders, of the Chairman and other Directors, at the meetings of the Company, as they were not always put in the simplest forms, nor in the mildest manner.

⁴ The cocked hats and gowns that distinguished Aldermen from other men, previous to the Municipal Reform in September, 1835, were now laid aside, and their "worships" then appeared in all the fantastical fashions of the day, as regarded both cut and cloth.

⁵ Lard.

⁶ The Redheugh.

⁷ The Victoria train.

⁸ ELIZABETH DOUGLAS. Honest LIZZY lived near Brampton, and carried on the craft of fortune-telling—recovering things stolen or strayed—and restoring cattle that laboured under diseases inflicted by witchcraft. She was the oracle of the vicinity for many miles round, and sent many a forlorn maiden away with a light heart; for, after bamboozling and mystifying the inquirer with a variety of questions, so as almost to make her say what she wanted to be told, she delighted her with the initials of the name of the swain of her choice—not forgetting, however, whilst shuffling the cards, to shuffle the money from the girl's pocket into her own. She was once applied to for assistance in the case of some cattle that were “dwining away” under the power of witchcraft. She was rather puzzled how to act in this matter; but, after applying her fertile mind to it for some time, she came to the sage conclusion that slitting their tails, and putting pieces of rown-tree into the opening, would free them from the power that was destroying them. This, of course, was tried; but the owners of the cattle declared that it had no effect upon the disease, and that they might as well have “laid salt on their tails.” LIZZY, no doubt, often missed her mark on these occasions; but she sometimes made a lucky hit, which kept her fame afloat with the dupes that consulted her. She has been dead upwards of twenty years; but her daughter, it is said, has succeeded to the business, and inherits the rare qualities of her far-famed parent.

⁹ Team Gut.

¹⁰ Care, or annoyance.

¹¹ If long practice lead to proficiency in any business, the fitters on Newcastle Quay may be fairly entitled to claim the first rank amongst those who profess the “black art” of shipping coals.

¹² “January 9th, 1816, died, at his house, near the Windmill-hills, Gateshead, Mr. THOMAS THOMPSON, merchant, in the 43d year of

his age. His death was caused by cold and fatigue in his exertions to save his property (timber) from the ravages of the destructive flood in the preceding month. From an humble origin, he raised himself, by his talents and merit, to a respectable rank in society. His loss was severely felt in the extensive circle of his friends, as well as in the public festivals of the town, to the mirth of which his exquisitely humorous songs in the *pure* Newcastle dialect, contributed a large portion. Besides being the author of "Canny Newcastle," "JEMMY JOHNSON'S Whurry," "New Keel Row," and other descriptive local songs, Mr. THOMPSON wrote several pieces of considerable merit,"—*Sykes's Local Records*, vol. ii., p. 98.

It is much to be regretted that neither the author nor his friends ever published his various pieces in a collected form. His songs were excellent specimens of the Newcastle dialect, happily expressed, and pregnant with wit and humour.

¹³ The sailors riding for their "turns," was perhaps one of the most laughable scenes that can well be imagined. The poor hacks had a sorry time of it, when they had such customers on their backs; and when a large fleet arrived, it was not unusual to see these miserable animals appear on the quay two or three times from Shields during the day. Both the rider and his steed were often real pictures of distress; so much so, that when some one was astonishing BOLD ARCHY with an account of the transmigration of souls after death, he replied, "That's very queer; but I don't care what shape I appear in next, provided it is not that of a Shields hack."

¹⁴ In the absence of ships to give better employment to the fitters and their clerks, it is sometimes surprising to see the listless apathy, hanging over all, suddenly changed into the most intense anxiety to ascertain the cause of some unusual excitement. The windows are thrown up, and the indoor plodders are all agog, to know the reason of all this running to and fro. The idlers are seen running from all parts of the quay to the scene of action, which is generally a few balks of timber; and the creature that has produced all this hubbub,

a poor harmless *rat*, which often suffers in the fray; for nothing short of being in at the death gives its pursuers satisfaction.

¹⁵ "The royal assent was given on the 18th inst. to the Bill for regulating the loading of ships with coals in the port of Newcastle-upon Tyne. It takes place on the first day of next month."—*Tyne Mercury*, May 29, 1810.

¹⁶ JAMES BISHOP and JOHN LIDDELL were the two clerks in the night office at this period.

¹⁷ The following paragraph appeared in the *Tyne Mercury*, June 12, 1810:—"The night office lately established here, for taking on ships to load coals, presented a very singular scene of confusion on Sunday night. With a tender and pious regard for the souls of those sacrilegious men called COAL FITTERS, who were in the habit of walking the quay all the Lord's Day, neglecting all religious duties, intent, like the barbers of former times, on nothing but the gain of filthy lucre, in pursuit of which they were often tempted by the Devil to break all the commandments in the decalogue, the framers of the late Coal Bill enacted, that in future no business should be done until 12 o'clock on Sunday night, and that then ships should be taken on by two men appointed by the Commissioners of the Act to attend this office. It is now therefore decreed, as of old, that 'in six days' the fitters 'shall do all that they have to do, but on the seventh day shall rest from their labours.' In conformity with these wholesome regulations, this office was opened on Sunday night at 12 o'clock. Through the day, an immense number of vessels came into Shields, which made the number of applicants at the office in the course of the night very numerous. About 11 o'clock, the crowd of captains became very great; which soon occasioned, when the office opened, much wrangling about the turns; and as they are in general men who have not the 'fear of God before their eyes,' they began abusing the attendants; and though one of them was actually a BISHOP, they absolutely, in defiance of all order and decency, uttered the most horrid imprecations in his sacred presence; and in the end, to such

a height did their impious rage proceed, that they broke his mitre (*alias* his desk) over his head; and, from all appearance, the POPE himself, had he been present, would have been treated with as little ceremony. This Reverend Prelate, seeing his authority thus scorned and set at nought, though 'slow to anger,' could not forbear making use of the power lodged in his hand for the support of his authority against such blasphemous intruders. He therefore excommunicated and anathematized the whole crew of offenders; and though not in such detail (for he had not time) as the form set forth in *TRI-TRAM SHANDY*, it was fully as comprehensive, and must have had an equal effect, being delivered in the most impressive style. We have not heard that any of the agents of the Vice Society have taken any steps in this business; but certainly neither they nor the Reverend Bench will suffer such a daring outrage upon religion and social order to pass unnoticed."

¹⁸ This took place on the 7th of July, 1817, as appears by the following entry in the night-office accounts at the time:—"July 7, 1817.—To cart-hire from Newcastle to Shields, shifting the night-office, 8s. 6d."

¹⁹ Mr. JOSEPH PRICE, of Gateshead, received the compliment of a dinner, and a handsome silver tankard, from a party of manufacturers, wharfingers, &c., in 1818, as a mark of their approbation of his services "in first applying steam-boats to the towing of vessels."

²⁰ Mr. REID's omnibuses commenced running on the 12th of November, 1832.

²¹ The Newcastle and Shields Railway was opened on the 18th of June, 1839.

²² The Penny Postage came into operation on the 10th of January, 1840.

²³ JAMES FADDY was brought up at the keels from a boy, and had

always been very shrewd and observing; so that, when he grew up, he was well "fitted" out with practical knowledge for taking a place in a fitter's office, where he spent the whole of his days. He was the oracle of the Quayside. There was no man better acquainted with the usages of the river than he was. If lying tides, or the dues to some of the reaches, were the subjects of dispute, FADDY was the man appealed to. The following notice of his death appeared in the *Gateshead Observer* of March 31st, 1838:—"Died, in Howard street, New-road, Newcastle, on the 26th inst., in the 66th year of his age, Mr. JAMES FADDY, agent to the owners of Seghill colliery. His extensive knowledge in all the freemasonry of the fitting trade, acquired during a practice of fifty years, rendered his services of great value in a colliery office."

²⁴ JOYCE, the inventor of the Patent Stove.

²⁵ In this kill-coal scheme, charcoal and bone act a conspicuous part. JOYCE says, in the specification of his patent, dated the 16th of December, 1838, "My improved fuel is a peculiar preparation of charcoal, chemically treated for the purpose of purifying it."

²⁶ At the time those emblems of civic dignity, Aldermen's gowns, went out of fashion, a new species of attire, to wit, "Pea Jackets," came up. The lines on the pea-jacket embody the feelings of an honest keelman, expressed to his wife on witnessing the metamorphosis which the "male creatures" had undergone.

²⁷ GEORGE STRAKER, Esq.

²⁸ "A Glance at POLLY TECHNIC," being a collection of the most splendid productions of Nature and Art ever exhibited in Newcastle. This interesting display was opened to the public, 6th April, 1840, under the name of the "Polytechnic Exhibition," for the benefit of the North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, and the Mechanics' Institutes of Newcastle and Gateshead, and gave general satisfaction.

²⁹ The eighth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was held in Newcastle in the year 1838. It commenced on Monday, the 20th of August, and closed on Saturday, the 25th.

³⁰ The female guardian of the Hutch.

³¹ See Gardner's "England's Grievance," page 92, for a description of the notable scheme of finding out, by a *cut purse*, what fine a captain should pay, who had been convicted of throwing ballast into the river, by the false swearing of others.

³² Once upon a time, this Argus met an Alderman bringing away an inkstand from the Hutch, to write something at the table on 'Change, and immediately opposed his progress so effectually as to force him to give up the contest in despair.

³³ The Chamber Clerk.

³⁴ The Chamberlains.

³⁵ BLIND WILLY.

³⁶ The critical reader may carp at the conversion of "manes" into a word of one syllable; but although such a liberty, in ordinary cases, might be too great a stretch of the rhymers' license, surely, in an elegy on a canine companion, he may be permitted to use "*dog* Latin."

³⁷ CHARLES RITCHIE was a stone-mason, and lived on Gateshead Fell nearly all his life. He was a kind-hearted man, and was in the habit of amusing his neighbours o'er a pot of beer, at the tail of the week, with the news he had gathered since the last time they met—more especially with what he had picked up in the town, at the BEE HIVE on the Sandhill, or the THREE BULLS' HEADS in the Castle-garth, two houses famed for good beer, then called "Fine Fi'penny."

³⁸ This old tree is the annual resort of the young sparrows in the neighbourhood, as soon as they are able to leave their nests; and here they seem to obtain that instruction and support from their parents, which is necessary for their future welfare.

³⁹ He was found drowned a little above Newcastle bridge, with his stick in his hand.

⁴⁰ To get a glass with the drayman.

⁴¹ BELLA LAING and TOMMY—for I am pretty sure that BELLA, when they were mentioned together, always had the precedence—lived the greatest part of their long lives on Gateshead Low Fell. BELLA was the village “howdy;” and her practice was not only very general amongst its population, but often extended far beyond its confines. Her usefulness, however, did not end here; for besides being, as it were, the *Alpha* of life, she often rendered very essential service to her fair friends, in particular delicate situations, through the middle and interesting stages of their existence. TOMMY was a joiner by trade—made coffins and kept a hearse—of course, was the *Omega* of life, whose care was to see us carried to our long homes in a coffin of his own making. The two callings wrought well together; for if a birth turned out a death, the order for the coffin came of course to TOMMY; and as BELLA was frequently asked to funerals, it afforded her an opportunity of extending her business amongst the ladies. They thus carried on a thriving trade for many years, of which life and death were the staple articles, and ultimately acquired, through industry and frugality, considerable property in houses. The square which goes by the name of Laing’s-corner, was built by them, and left to their children, as well as a large garth in which the Public Rooms and other buildings have been lately erected.

FINIS.



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